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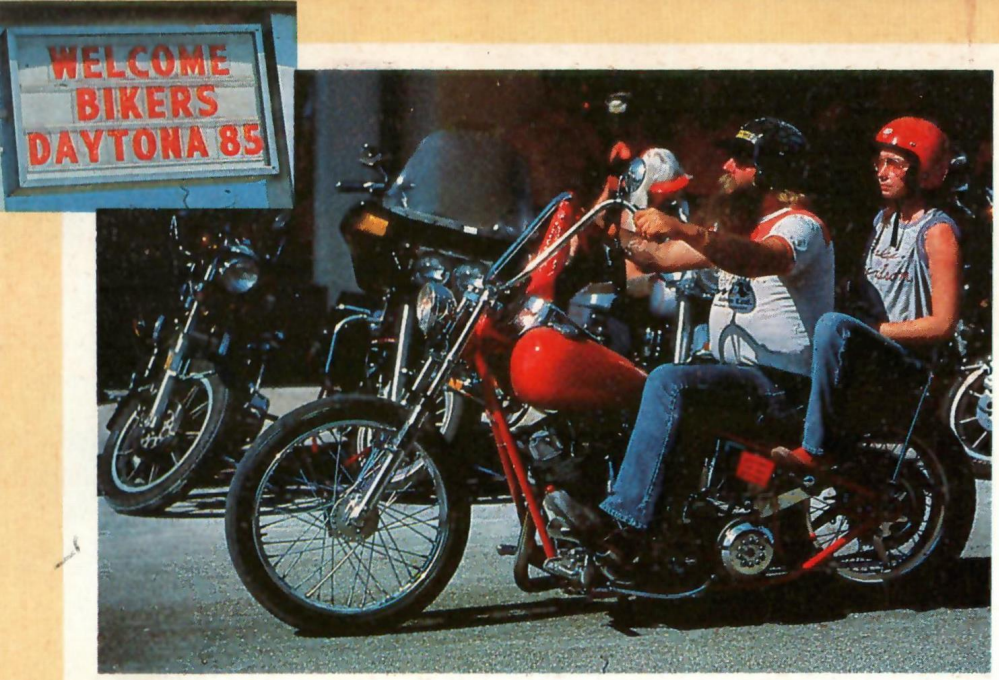

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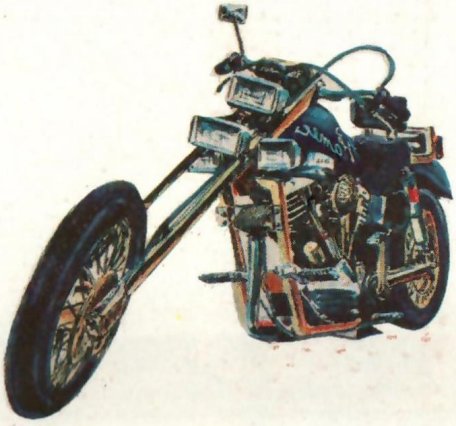

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Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, raises, or just raw cash, to:
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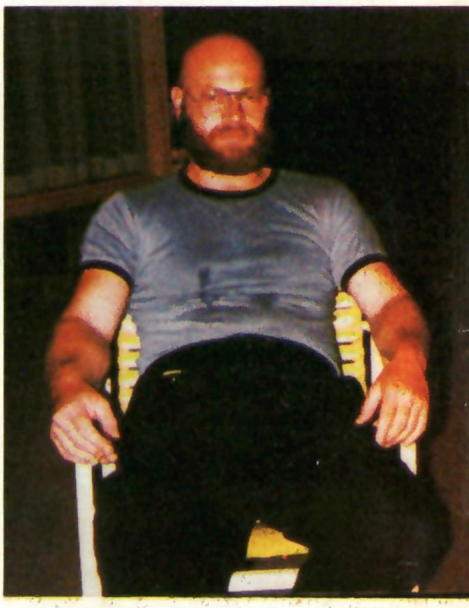


Cuz?

☐ Am responding to our telephone conversation in which I asked your assistance in locating the photographer who took the picture of a bald-headed individual that appeared on the extreme lower right side of page 64 (Feb. '85).

To reiterate, I have a large rectoid problem—my ol lady—who thinks this chappie is me.

Now to the sob-story shit. I have actually visualized my father perhaps a dozen times in my life, the last time approximately 20 years ago. He is now deceased.

Anyway, he did have a brother in one of the southern United States. This is a little off the line, but perhaps the person in the photograph is my cousin. If so, I would appreciate any and all assistance in locating him.

The word "bro" is used quite a bit, but perhaps one of your readers can help me find my lost "Cuz."

S.J. Painter
Toronto, Canada

P.S. The photograph in your magazine was taken in bright sunlight, and as sunlight is almost unknown in Ontario, Canada during the winter months, the photograph I am sending of myself is not quite of the greatest quality. Also, I am not only a lousy photographer, but a lousy subject, so I would appreciate your close perusal of the photograph as it was almost impossible to duplicate the natural light in *Iron Horse.*

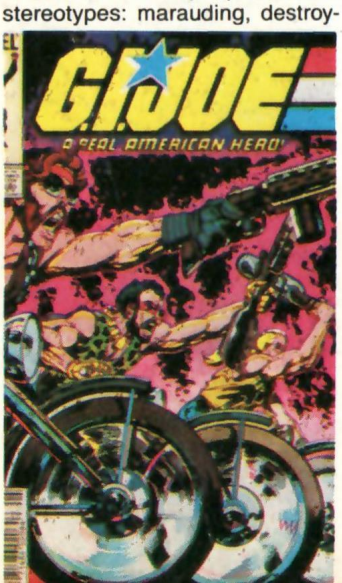
Vomit Comix

☐ Enclosed is a current issue comic book that might interest you.

As usual, it is a media portrayal of bikers, not as people, but as stereotypes: marauding, destroying bums. Pissed me off to see this. Read it and puke.

Daryl T.
Barstow, CA

The folks at Marvel Comics have been watchin too many orangutan flicks. We suggest they try "Mask" or head out to the nearest swap meet before they do any more "biker" comics.—Ed.



Pretty Pete's Pen Pals

☐ Here's an answer to Pretty Pete and Black Jack (Feb. '85)

If they had any balls they'd be riding Harleys. Those claptrap assholes ought to realize that if they were real men, they wouldn't be seen dead on a Yamaha. One thing is sure though, I they run short on gas money, they can feed it a box of Uncle Ben's and get another few miles out of it.

Pretty Pete is right on another count—we Harley riders don't have to worry about our women, cause the last thing they'd ever do is to be seen on the back of a rice burner.

Refering to a bro in a club as "chicken shit" ain't healthy either. They ought to realize that earning what they refer to as a "Mickey Mouse" club emblem is not easily done. It's obvious that they must have some kind of mental deficiency that kept them from earning a sponsor's vote.

Let me tell you I earned a club patch at 17 and it wasn't by any means easy. I have scars from the knife cuts and bottle jags from numerous fights and even one artificial kneecap earned when some fool in a cage forced me off the road (a gravel one at that) and my old Knuck flipped and fell on my right leg.

But you know what? I still ride and I still do it on a Harley. It's been a while since our club disbanded, but my colors are still in the closet and now and then I see one of the bros and we run down the road, drink some beer and fight—just to rekindle memories of the old days.

And, oh yeah, Pete, if you read this letter, you might consider retracting your statement about us Harley people being mental midgets. You see, a lot of those people who are born in America and ride American-built Harleys, have a college education and a few of us even own businesses, homes and have respected places in our communities.

So Peter, because you never know if that long-haired bro beside you on a Harley is a cop, a judge or an ex-con, you can bet on one

Shotgun Pipe Wedding

☐ Enclosed is a slide of our famous Harley on our wedding day. Love to see it printed in your magazine

Bill & Laurie Madan
North Attleboro, MA

thing—we live to ride and will probably ride till we die, but it will be on a Harley,

The Texas Twister
Mesquite, TX

☐ This is to that cocksucker Pretty Pete (Feb. '85)

Dick Face, I'm not gonna waste words on yer sorry ass. I'm heading for Sturgis this weekend and I'm gonna kill you.

Wolf

On the road looking for two dead pricks on a rice burner.

All Our Men Are Not Home

☐ Vietnam. The war that drew so much public opinion and split our nation is susposedly over, however after all the protests against the war died down to a whisper and after the media considered it not news worthy, there is still a war raging that people hope will just go away. This war does not get front-page publicity, however it affects each and every one of us. But it felt most deeply on a day-to-day basis by 2,500 families that are direct casualities of this raging war. They are the families of our Prisioners Of War and Missing In Action (POW/MIA'S). The war for these families will be over only when all our POW/MIA'S are fully accounted for. These men are Americans, they deserve to be brought home to rest; our job is to bring them home.

Where is the American spirit that rallied around it's fighting men in previous wars? What happened to the get-involved attitude of Americans when something wasn't right? WHERE ARE YOU NOW AMERICA? What happened to that spirit? Since the fighting war ended, only small articles appear on back pages of newspapers. It's time everyone got involved, because everyone is affected by this problem whether they admit it or not. It involves all veterans because the POW/MIA'S are their brothers in an unpopular war. It involves mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins and friends.

Ask yourself this easy question; DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR LOVED ONES ARE?

In this country right now there are 2,500 families that can't honestly answer that question. Their sons, husbands, and loved ones went to fight a war, a war that is susposed to be over, but they have not returned. They were sent by our government to do a job, that job is over, yet they still have not returned. Our government has given them medals and promotions, yet they are not here to receive them.

In 1984 a medal was given to the families of our POW/MIA'S. This gesture can not fill the void felt by these families. It is time all Americans stand up and show their colors. Ask yourself WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP RIGHT THIS WRONG? Look deeply into yourself and find that inner glow that each one of us has, dust it off and let it out! Help us end this this war forever. SUPPORT US IN A FULL ACCOUNTING OF ALL THE POW/MIA'S. GET INVOLVED NOW!

For information contact:
Mark Forman
902 Poplar Court,
Bensalem, PA 19020

He's Gotta Dream

☐ If I may, let me give you my opinion of the Harley-Davidson.

It's a bike for all who have a love for country, flag, freedom, mom's apple pie and the girl next door. Not buying a Harley is not an insult to all of the above. We are proud in America to have the right of choice, but I'm wondering if it is the bikes from Japan we hate or the Japanese?

Let's get one thing straight, over 40 years ago an ugly war took place. There are no beautiful wars, but this one seems to be the basis of not buying bikes from Japan.

Harley-Davidson prides itself on using the American eagle as its symbol to let the world know their motorcycles are the best. So let's forget the past and move onward. It isn't the high price that keeps people from buying a Harley-Davidson, it's the cheap price of the foreign bikes. It's a matter of taste and what you can afford. I paid $9000 for a H-D because (1) had the money and (2) I had the dream, the pride and a taste for the best.

I'd like to join a club with other H-D riders. There are many kinds of clubs. There are black H-D riders with their fully dressed bikes with about 400 lights on them and that's a little too much for my taste. As for my white brothers' H-D clubs and organizations, they love my bike and say I have the smarts to buy H-D. But it seems that no one can get together because of ugly prejudice that's happening here in the USA. There are no blaak H-D riders, no white H-D riders, no Uncle Toms, no nigger lovers—only people who ride the very best and have a dream that someday all men and women will ride the highway to hell on a H-D.

Let us unite as brothers and ride and get high and party together and show the world that we can put aside our own personal hatred.

Leander Jackson
USA

Still A Pisser

☐ Well, gents, I was feeling low till I picked up your latest issue and started thumbing through it.

Made me feel good and I started to look at some old photos of mine—thought I would send you one of my Mom along about 1940. She's still a pisser and it would be great if you're able to use it.

Keep up the rag.

Trax L. Anglemyer
Long Beach, CA

Debby Does/Doesn't

☐ Who gives a shit what Debby Sims does for a living or how she does it!

"Trainin: Or How to Become an Ol' Lady" (March '85) is nothin but three fuckin pages of Debby drivelin "Daddy this' and "Daddy that." This is all ya need to know:

A GOOD OL LADY:

1. Shows class
2. Has common sense
3. Enjoys the lifestyle and all that goes with it
4. Doesn't let drugs, alcohol or other people come before her man.
5. Is honest
6. Doesn't use her ass to hold power over her man
7. Stands by her man when the shit hits the fan
8. Always treats him like a man
9. Understands and accepts his moods, needs, likes and dislikes
10. Doesn't bitch
11. Knows when and when not to voice an opinion
12. Is always there for her man

Why didn't you just pop the bitch at the swap, instead of wastin all that hot air? You may have learned somethin bein an "Ol Lady," but you sure ain't learned to shut up! My advice to you is to shit or get off the pot!

Patches
Breckenridge, CO

☐ Freedom, Hell! This is in response to Debby Sims of Dalton, GA.

First off, you're a little bit brainwashed. Yer supposed to live life free in a bike club, but it's really only the men who live free, cause if yer an ol lady ya do what yer ol man says or ya get the fuck knocked out of ya.

Don't get me wrong, you sound as if you've got yer shit together, but if yer tryin to teach the dumb little cunts how to be an ol lady—remember, it's supposed to work both ways, with the ol lady and ol man both givin a little. So don't be tellin the new cunts to be a slave, or just a stupid little puppy. Tell them the whole story.

The Illustrated Lady

☐ The story in your March '85 issue, "Trainin: Or How to Become an Ol Lady" was really good!

I felt that I could really identify with Debby Sims' views. I too have learned a whole lot since my ol man and I got together. He found me and made me the woman I am today. I'm not perfect, but then who is?

Although I don't have my property tattoo yet, I know in my heart that I am "Property of Hillbilly." We moved from Texas to the East Coast last August, and I love it here! I hope that my ol man and I will live here forever. But wherever he goes, for whatever reason, I'll be by his side, where a good ol lady should be! Keep up the good work!

Gloria "Harley" Fraley
Ahoskie, NC

☐ To Debbie (Trainin: Or How to Become an Ol Lady, March '85 issue).

I just thought I'd write you some advice which you can take or leave. It seems to me that you've had your head up "Daddy's" ass for too long. Why the fuck have

you lost your self respect and become a kiss-ass cunt?

I've been with my ol man for a while now, and the most important thing besides the love we have between us is mutual respect. Sure, I'd die for him and he'd die for me, but I'd never lower myself to be just his property and whore. I fuckin own me! He don't tell me what to do, and I don't tell him what to do.

Ol ladies are people, too. If he wants head and I want some, fine. Otherwise he can beat his meat or find some strange piece of ass. The same goes for me. I love him more than anything, but I'm not gonna be up his ass all the time waitin for his next order.

I'd really hate to see the day that "Daddy" gets tired of you. Man, you'll be left with your thumb up your ass. Take a good look in the mirror and start feelin some pride in bein "Debbie" and not just "Daddy's" ol lady.

One more thing, me and my ol man are each other's best friend until death, no matter what. All you said about bein his ol lady follows suit with bein his property. I'm just fuckin thankful that I'm free of that shit.

Blondie
Kailua, Hawaii

Stop Bein' A Bitch

☐ This is to the bitch in the February '85 issue Closet Case. I have two or three points to make!

1. Your husband shouldn't read these rags, cause if he was a man he'd knock you on your ass for messin with them.

2. What are you afraid of? Your son is 10 years old. Mine is 6, and we leave the rags out and he's free to look at them anytime.

3. Your son is only being normal if he takes a look, anyway. If you try to hide things it'll only make his curiosity stronger. Or would you rather he found out in school, or turns out to be a sissy?

Our six year old looks at the Harleys more than anything else, and says that the women are just dessert. So stop bein a bitch and let your ol man and son be normal. Hell, I read em. It's just normal people, nothin to be scared of.

Midnight Princess
Savannah, GA

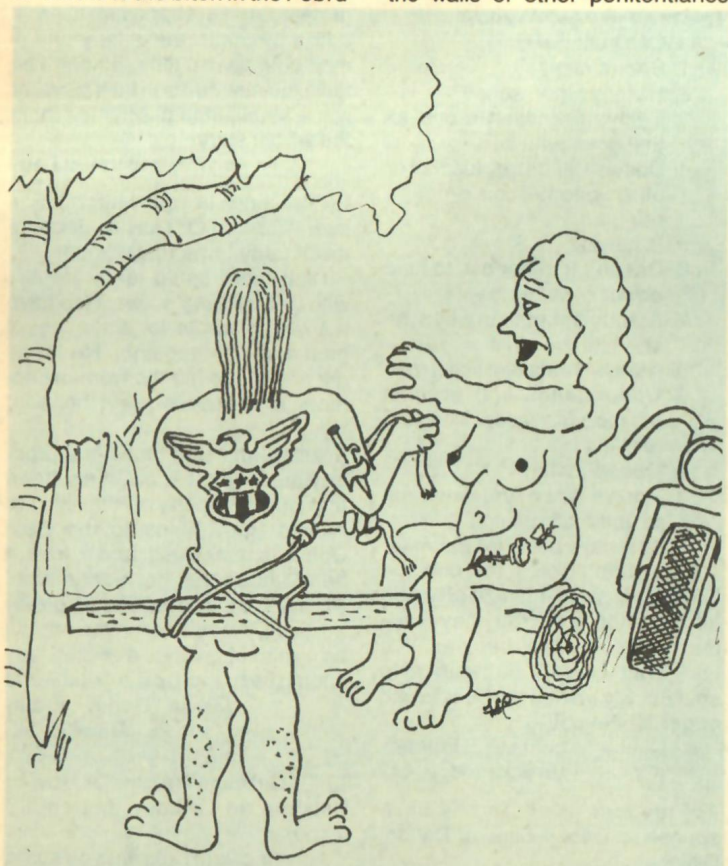
Bros Behind Bars

☐ We of the B.I.O.B. would like to familiarize our organization here at the Kansas State Penitentiary with your readers.

B.O.I.B. stands for Brotherhood of Incarcerated Bikers, and there are twenty-two members in our family and it's still growing. We of B.O.I.B. would like you to put us in contact with other bikers behind the walls of other penitentiaries through your magazine.

Anything you could print would be greatly appreciated. All correspondence should be sent to:

Robert "Loser" Derry #8341
K.S.P. P.O. Box 2
Lansing, KS 66043



"You've been talkin to my ol man!"

Love at first write

☐ I wrote this on the eve of Jan. 12, 1985:

It's to *Iron Horse* Magazine I send my thanks this day.
Cause in your Clipboard I felt what a certain bro had to say,
It was January's issue of 1985,
He was lookin for a righteous ol lady to stand tall, and he didn't really feel she'd survived.
So tired of lookin and losin, but what the hell,
Lots of ladies saw and wrote, but only one was special, he could tell
That was me and I'm here to tell ya'll
I decided to marry this man of the wind
Before with my eyes him I saw,
Our lives do so perfectly blend.
So to you the ones who don't believe in love at first sight,
Here's a new one,
Love at first write!
Thanks for a life of lovin fun,
For makin it possible, we think ya'll are a real rare treat!
Tank and his new ol lady, Sweetmeat.

Now I'm his bride, as we were married by proxy on 1/18/85. We think ya'll are #1! We'll remember you on the birth of our son. Wonder if he'll dig the name *Iron Horse*?

Sweetmeat

Harley Huns

☐ This letter is to let everyone know that the Americans on Harleys are alive and well in Germany.

Yer rag keeps us informed on what's up back home. We also like seein all the sharp iron in the pages in between and we wish we could get between some of those tits.

We can only sit back and enjoy the German blondes and drink some bad 14% dark beer. But we're thinkin of home all the while, and will do so until we do our time for the Army. Keep up the good work, and if you can, put in some tech on the FXWG.

Tramp
Wheels of Steel MC
Schwabstadl, West Germany

Shoulda Let the Bro Finish

☐ This is for No Name from Dalton, GA (March '85).

Hey, Fuckhead you should have let the bro finish what he started, yer wife would have loved it. Why don't you back-shootin, redneck scumbags come up to N.Y.C.? Me and my bros will be glad to give you a .45 cal. enema.

Paul
Brooklyn, NY

The Brits Are Comin'—Again

☐ Thanks, *Iron Horse,* and a whole raisin pie to Wizard.

Your coverage and foto spread on the 2nd annual British Motorcycle Show (January '85) really cut the mustard. "Limey Bike Show" told it like it was—good and, well, wet. The party was fuckin outrageous, so who gives a shit about a little precip. The bikes were tasty, the women close and warm and the beer and wine cold.

This year is gonna be #3 for us, and all indications are fer one even bigger and better. The date is June 28, 29, and 30, at the Gun Club (Perry Rec. Assoc.) 5 miles north of New Lexington on State Route 13, close to the Perry Golf Course. New Lexington is about one hour southeast of Columbus, Ohio.

Thanks again, and ya'll come party with us. All makes welcome.

Slow Joe
New Lexington, OH

Lookin For a Patch

☐ On the last page of the Feb. '85 issue, bottom right-hand corner, there's a picture of a large H-D patch on the back of a bro's cut off. I've never seen this before and can't find it in my area. Does anybody know where to get one? The fotos were taken by J.P. Brady, I'd like to know what part of the country he took the flick in.

J.A. Wallace II
De Soto, TX

That patch and a coupla others like it used to be pretty common—a few of the other bike rags sold em through the mail, and can sometimes be found on 42nd street, but we ain't seen any lately. Can anybody out there help Mr. Wallace?—Ed.

Poker Run

☐ A.B.A.T.E. of Pennsylvania, High Mountain Chapter, is proud to announce our second annual

poker run to benefit the March of Dimes of northeastern Pennsylvania.

AUGUST 24—POKER RUN to benefit the March of Dimes of Northeast PA, sponsored by the High Mountain Chapter, A.B.A.T.E. of PA. Sign-up 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., Camp Rotawanis, Drums, PA. $5 rider/$3 passenger in advance, $6/$4 day of run. Held in conjunction with chapter's weekend rally August 23-25. Live bands Friday and Saturday nights, field events Sunday. Weekend camping (rough) $10. For info, write A.B.A.T.E. of PA, High Mountain Chapter, P.O. Box 2241, Hazelton, PA. 18201

High Mountain Chapter and the March of Dimes thank you for your help.

Ride free and safe!

Mike Zuber
Publicity Committee

Ain't No Puzzle

☐ Hey man, like my head has finally gotten back to normal after seein my drawin in yer rag!

Came at a good time, too, cause I'm writin this with a broken hand! I also got a broken leg, shoulder, and ribs after missin a turn and flying some 50 feet before assaultin a pine tree—at about 40 mph.

The scooter is totaled, and the pig wrote me a ticket for travelin too fast for conditions! What a bitch. He wanted to write me one for DWI, but I passed all his verbal tests. (Good thing my leg was broke and I didn't have to walk any lines for him!)

Keep ridin' hard,
Bruce Fox

P.S. I did have a helmet on (it was pretty damn cold) and it saved my life, I guess, as the impact of the crash split the face shield right off it. But I've already rode with a coupla bros on their scoots since I got out of the hospital—no helmet either! Whadafuck, it's my choice ain't it? Whether I wear it of not, right? Ain't no puzzle.

Beemers, Sportsters and Tits

☐ You guys really scored a coup in your March issue!

Bob's BMW is the first good lookin Beemer chopper I've seen in any bike magazine, and the story "Dreams" by Doc was right fuckin on. *Iron Horse* has permanently replaced that West Coast rag as my favorite bike mag. Only one bitch—more tits and more radical Sportster chops. My sub's in the mail.

Sportster Steve, Esq.
Winnipeg, Canada

Palming One Off On Us?

☐ Hey guys, one of the shots in yer March '85 issue has a good-lookin lady on an Indian and it says she's in Ashtabula, OH.

Well, tell ya what, if they have palms in that part of Ohio, I'm leavin N.Y. to go there for the winter. The picture says "Joe Hassett, Ashtabula, OH." So, just wanted ya to know that, other than that, ya have a good rag. Keep it up.

Moose
Buffalo, N.Y.

Joe Hassett is from Ashtabula, OH. The flicks wuz taken elsewheres.—Ed.

Nice Fuckin' Letter

☐ This is in regards to the letter Cynthia wrote (Feb. '85).

Dear Cynthia: You wanna meet some real nice people? Then we should get together, cause *we're* real nice. Like, how old are you? Cause we love young girls, and I know you'll be real nice too and drop on your knees and give me head.

Cause remember, we're real nice.

And you'll give head to all my friends cause they're nice, too. And you'll swallow every drop of cum cause you're real nice. Then you'll beg for more, so we'll rip your clothes off and fuck you doggie style while you suck on another cock. Cause we're real nice. Then we'll put you on the floor with my ol lady, cause she's real nice. And you'll get it on with her in some kinky lesbian sex, cause you're real nice. And we'll stand around jackin off and we'll cum all over your bodies and you'll get off on it. And you'll lick the cum off of each other and our cocks. Cause you're real nice. Then we'll drag your body outside in the yard and you'll suck off my dog, Fred, cause he's real nice and you are, too. Then I'll take a carrot and shove it up your ass while you give head to all my friends again. And I'll call up more people, who are nice, and we'll all fuck you and you'll give us head again. Then we'll stick firecrackers up your ass and cunt and set them off. Then we'll shave your head and put a tattoo of a big dick on it.

Cause we're really nice

Mr. Nice
From a really Nice place,
Alaska

"Would ya believe 35 miles per hour?"

THE SEVEN GEEKS TOUR BIKE WEEK

Demented Donna Does Dayton...Tuff Tony Trashes Trailer...Weird Sam in the Slam...Greasy Gary's Garbage Hints ...Syndi Seduces a Suzuki...Big Bobby Broadhurst Blames Beemer...and assorted news and views from that morass of madness called Daytona Bike Week.

Story By The Former Staff
Photos By Current Picture Pat Randle

The problem with Daytona is that there's just too damn much to see and do. Ya got yer swap meets, road races, Motocross, H-D demos, splittails and parades. Ya got yer buckets of brew, bushels of boo and hogsheads of pigs, not to mention Jap Crapateers up the ying-yang. Ya even got poker runs, tattoo parlors, more splittails, the occasional ray of sunshine, dirt bikes and dirt bags, of course, the Rat's Hole Show.

Since no human person could actually attend all these events and live to tell about it, we broke the week up into bite-sized segments so our less-than-human reporters could concentrate for 24 hours, then give in to riotous living and abuse of controlled substances.

Naturally, it didn't work. Those ass-holes are so blitzed all the time, a couple of them went to Dayton, Ohio instead of Daytona. They said they had a good time, but the swimming was pretty cold for March. The survivors—all seven of em—found the right place, then col-lapsed. But here's what they wrote about it (not much), while spending all our expense money (incredible). They're all lookin fer new jobs right now.

DEMENTED DONNA DOES DAYTON

Up here in the north, northeast, it's colder'n a Yamaha dealer's sales pitch, but along about the end of February the juices begin to flow—right down my leg. That either means I got the clap again or it's time fer a bit of fun in the sun. Fortunately, it was the urge to travel that was stickin me to the chair this year. But why they wanted to send me to Dayton in the middle of the winter I'll never know. However, when the Wolfman screams...

My assignment was to check the place out before the estimated 125,00 bikers showed up fer Bike Week. You know, get a bit of background about Dayton.

For a small industrial city in the Mid-west, it seemed like a pretty nice place, but it wasn't exactly a hotbed of scooter tramps. In fact, in the two weeks I was there, I only saw a few guys, includin Bad Bob, who did me the favor of gettin me acquainted with the town. He kept askin me why I wasn't in Florida, but I tole him I had this here assigment for *Iron Horse.* And I always do what I'm told. Mostly.

Anyway, it was a good time, but I still can't figure out why Wolfman tole me to take my bikini. It was fuckin cold out there...[It goes on and on about this guy Bob and how he fucked her in every sleazy motel room in Dayton. Ol shit-ferbrains spent more'n a grand of our money fuckin up this story, so if yer in Dayton, find her and send her home at *your* expense.—Ed]

TUFF TONY TRASHES TRAILER

I was suppose to run into this broad named Donna, but she never showed. Which was all right with me, cuz there was plenty o'sluts 'n putts litterin the beaches of Daytona. [Fuckin hooray! This asshole got the right state—Ed.]

This year marks the eighth fer me at Bike Week and it gets weirder'n weider every time I go. Or maybe I'm gettin older 'n older, cuz I was in town fer more'n 10 hours before I even say a piece of ass worth talkin to, let alone... Anyway, this leg-wettin l'il bitch named Liz (short fer lizard sucker) kinda adopted me an took me to her trailer about 20 miles outside of town. She was real nice to me and had some incredible smoke which is why I didn't get to see much of the shows and stuff.

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POLICE

NEWS & VARIETY STORE

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BMW

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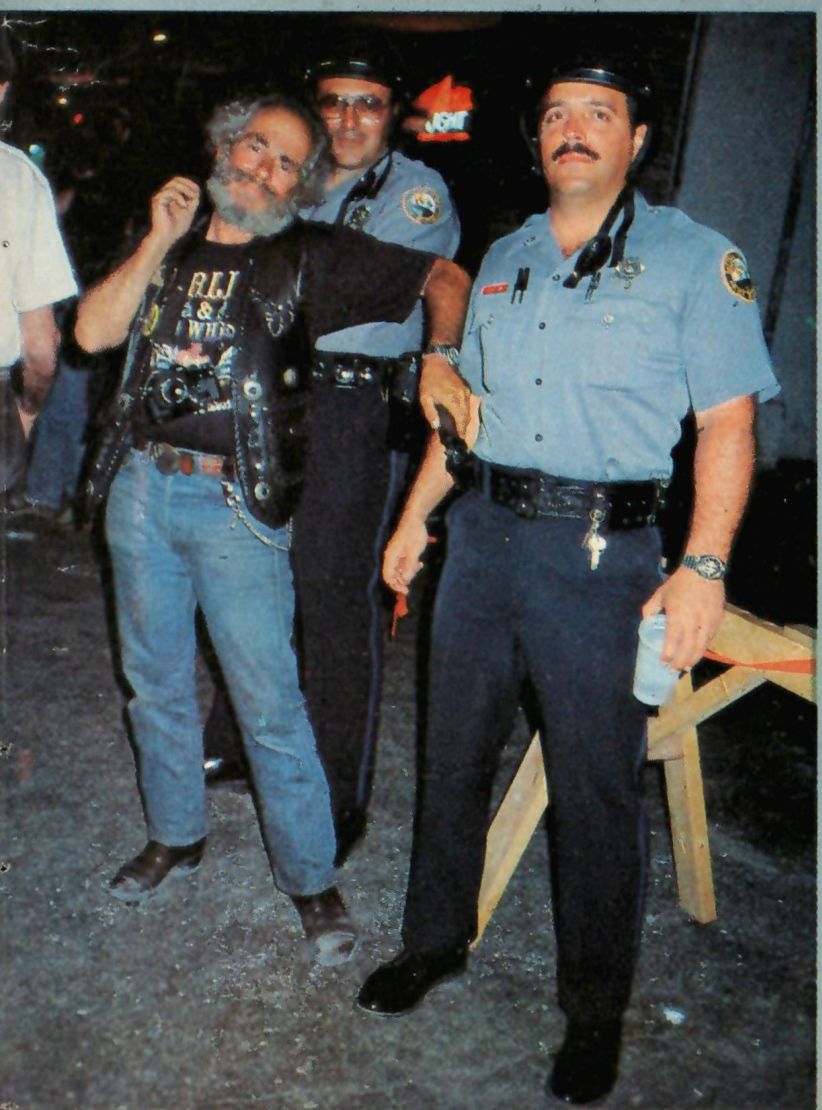

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150.00 AT GATE
YEARS OR OLDER
PARKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

I stopped in to the Plaza Hotel to check out the big Beemer display. In my opinion, that's the only bike on the market today that rivals H-D for style, strength and reliability. But it ain't American, so I'll guess I'll hang on to the ol Sporty.

An speakin of H-D, they had more than 40 bikes set up for demos, givin the public an opportunity to see what a real piece of iron looks like. I was really hopin to rest my ass on a brand-new, shiny machine, an experience I never had before, but the line was so long, me'n Liz decided to put ourselves outta our misery with a gallon of JD and an ocean of Bud. It was the least we could do—medicine for our disappointment.

By the time we had drunk our fill (and a few other peoples' as well), we hit the H-D Ride-in Show over at the Daytona Mall. It bein Wednesday, they were featuring touring bikes and had a leg-wettin line up of FL's, XL's, FX's, and a batch of V-Twins with sidehacks. I wanted to get back for the Sportys, customs and radicals, but like I said, I was mostly in the trailer with Liz. And that's where things, which had been real quiet, got entirely outta hand.

It all started that next morning, it musta been Thursday, I woke up with a pounding head and a mouth fulla bad-tastin shit. Wasn't nobody around, so I got up and called to Liz, but the little cunt didn't answer. So the first thing I did was check my wallet . Sure enuf, it was gone. I couldn't believe I'd been hustled. Fuck! The bitch had cleaned me outta more'n $700.

I looked out the window and double-fuck! The bitch had stole my bike. Now you'd think with all the incredible machines circulatin around town, she coulda picked somethin better than my ol rat Sporty, which ain't no prize-winner, but it's a part of me like my arm or my crank.

I went bullshit.

I picked up the chair in the living-room and threw it through the window, broke off a leg on the couch and used it as a club to destroy everything that was destroyable.

I was startin in on the bedroom when I heard this small voice call my name. And there the little fucker was. I raised my hand to rip off her head and shit down her neck, when she screams and runs outside with me in hot pursuit.

I'd have caught her easy, but she dropped my wallet and I picked it up to see if the cunt had left me any money. Sonofabitch, it almost all there. That kinda calmed me down.

While I was standin out there, I caught a hint of somethin shiny. I looked and it was my scoot. I guess I musta put it in back of the trailer, because there it was sittin. Next to it was a case of Bud.

I found out later she'd gotten up early, took my wallet and hitched to the nearest 7-11, so's I'd have a few eye-openers. Ol Liz hadn't done anything bad. In fact, she tried to be real good.

Feelin lower than a faggot on a Yamaha, I toled her I was sorry and gave her most of the money I had to try to make up for the damage. Then I hopped on the Sporty and got the fuck outta there before she called the police or her brothers or somebody.

Shit, I guessed I missed a good time.

WEIRD SAM IN THE SLAM

The police of Daytona, like the residents and merchants, have mixed feelings about the annual invasion of bikers. On one hand, they want the money we spend. On the other, they don't want the hassles that go with it.

I'm sure if they had their choice, they'd outlaw scoots and even get rid of the snot-nose college kids who blow into town a week or so later. But they are under orders to be as tolerant as possible and confine the police brutality to the dark corners and to the real down-and-outers who can't fight back.

Last year they arrested 1670 people on charges rangin from ridin without a helmet to murder and everything in between. This year they were pretty laid back, not handin out much trouble unless ya specifically asked for it. Their main concern seemed to be to keep traffic flowin—an impossible job in itself.

The problems of law enforcement have always interested me, cuz I've been involved with it for years—on the receiving end. The problem with Daytona is that they hire all these rent-a-cops and drag in the real yolkels from the boondocks of Florida to help them out. Ya see some real red-neck, cracker, good ol boys out to bring law and order to the "motorsickleists."

Now with these pea-brain part-timers ya got trouble. For one, each state's got different laws and it pisses ya off to be told that what's legal in Illinois is stone wrong in the Sunshine State. They also got them fruit-cake helmet laws that enrages every righteous bro. Fact is, I never seen so many laws in my life concerning what you can and can't do on a motorcycle in Daytona.

Only thing is, if they seriously enforced all of em, there'd be about a half-dozen Yamahas cruisin town while everybody else'd be in jail.

But as I say, they were pretty mellow this year—to everybody except me. I was out behind the Old Timer's Bar, watchin the drags on sand, mindin my own business, when this geek in pressed designer jeans and an imitation leather jacket starts rappin with me. I didn't pay him much mind, figgurin he was a wannabe, but he was more. He was the law. And he starts writin me up all these tickets fer tailpipes that are too low, for the mirrors that aren't right (ain't got none), for a headlight that is too far to the left or somethin, and I'm thinkin I'm gonna have to get a job to pay the fines, so I get a little tense. And he gets a little tense. And the next thing I know I'm sittin in the fuckin slam with a drunk, a doper, an animal masqueradin as a human being, and somebody who'd shot his mother.

It took me three days to raise the bail money and I missed most of the party, so I ain't too fond of the local constabulary.

One thing in their favor, though, the pig that busted me was from some Godforsaken town in the Florida panhandle, where all the farmers called him "sir." He wasn't no local guy, so I guessed I can't blame Daytona too much. Funny thing, where I had been picked up, there was other cops at the drags, timin the runs on their radar.

I guess I got mixed up with the wrong crop of cops or something.

GREASY GARY'S GARBAGE HINTS

When ya get drunk at the Boot Hill Saloon and ya go to this other place to play pool with a bunch of guys ya never seen before and they take ya fer every cent ya have an ya bet yer bike on a game of 9-Ball and ya can't find yer bros to rescue you and you're so low ya shit in yer pants, here's wat ya gotta do:

1. Steal clean plants off a clothesline.
2. Take a tour of the alleys lookin fer leftover food and stuff to sell.
3. Act real sincere and try to get broads to feel sorry for ya.
4. Act real tough and try to get broads to be scared of ya.
5. Learn to love the beach—along with the sand fleas, lice and sand crabs.
6. Stay away from all other kinds of crabs.
7. Rob.
8. Steal.
9. Cheat.
10. Murder.
11. Sell yer blood or threaten to sell someone else's if they don't give it to ya.
12. Don't be stupid and get hustled next time.

It worked for me, it can work for you.

SYNDI SEDUCES A SUZUKI

I been packin since I was old enough to bleed, but I'll only ride a Harley. Every other bike is a faggotmobile to me. That's why I was walking down Main Street that Friday, lookin at some righteous scoots and hopefully their equally rightous owners. I been alone since my former ol man hightailed it out west without me and ain't showed up yet. I figger he must be dead by now or he'd a called me.

Anyway, I'd done a doobie or six, and was feeling no pain, just lettin myself get carried away by all the fine iron lined up along the street, wishin I could meet someone to pack with again, when I spot this real hot scoot starin me in the face. It was like it was talkin to me tellin me to stop for a moment and wait. I knew somethin good was gonna happen.

I asked around about the owner and it turned out to be this guy Billy, who had left his scoot in the care of his bro Rags while he went out to round up some hard-to-find Harley beer.

I waited patiently, admirin this really well turned out Tour Glide with red pin striping, wantin more'n anything to take a ride.

Finally, this Billy character gets back and ya coulda knocked me over with the exhaust of a itty-bitty Honda. The guy was a fuckin Jap. His name was Billy Suzuki, but he didn't like it and was in the process of havin it changed. He didn't want to have nothin to do with Jap crap, and like me, admired American-built iron.

I ain't never done a Chink before, but this guy sure had the right attitude and I fell in love with his machine, so we kinda went off together.

I guess ya could say I seduced a Suzuki and every night when he gets home from the shop, I make sure I don't burn his rice, although he much prefers pizza anyway.

BIG BOBBY BLAMES BEEMER

The highlight of Bike Week is supposed to be the Rat's Hole Show, run by 6'2", 265-pound "Big Daddy Rat" Smith. I say "supposed to" because it falls on a Saturday morning when all righteous bros are a.) still partyin, b.) passed out or c.) dead. Ya gotta remember we been here since Tuesday tryin to destroy our mental and physical health.

Me 'n Beemer was goin full-throttle from a party the night before and the people that saw us said later that we wuz actin a bit peculiar as we came staggerin down the boardwalk about 8 a.m. It was fuckin cold at that hour, and already there musta been 20,000 people there—a full two hours before the official openin time.

We wandered around awhile sayin howdy to a few bros we knew and tryin our best to act like reporters for a respectable rag, but no one bought our act. I musta passed out on the sand, cuz the next thing I knew, some monster guy was jumpin on my head, trying to kill me.

Holy shit! I thought. This is some kinda flashback dream or somethin. Then a boot landed in my stomach and I began to figure out it was real. Real painful.

I grabbed the boot and twisted it and was happy to hear a thud in the sand beside me. I kept on twistin until this fist hits me the snotlocker, mashin it against my face.

"You cocksucker!" this voice roars and I realize I'm fighting for my life and I don't know what I've done.

Wheredafuck's Beemer, is all I'm thinkin, trying to protect my face and balls. Howcome he ain't here?

I call out to this dude that's poundin me into the sand, but he don't let up. I'll lead with my face a few times, I think, just to see if that will break his hand or his concentration. But it don't do no good. This dude's mad.

Finally, after my face's the color and texture of raw liver, and my liver has been scared for life, about eight guys show up and haul this fuckin animal offa me.

"Ya fuckin asshole!" the guy yells. "I'll teach ya to piss on my scoot!"

Piss? Me? I've never been that drunk, even if I do have a hard time rememberin all the shit I do sometimes. Well, it takes a while, but we finally figure out what's goin on. It wasn't me at all. It was that fuckin Beemer (we kinda look alike which is a strong argument for plastic

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When ya drop out, it ain't no fun...

DROPPIN'IN

By Les Hotchkiss

I'd been on the road for several days straight, and anybody with a nose could tell it. Even the taste in my mouth was rank, like I'd cleaned the bottom of a parrot cage with my tongue. But I didn't think my father would make an issue of how I looked and smelled. A bath would take care of that. When I'd called Ma from Baskerfield, wantin to know if it would be cool for me to spend a couple of days at the house, she'd said, "Why, sure, Gordy, we'd love to see you!"

Guess I shoulda realized that Ma was just speakin for herself when she said that. Maybe I *did* not realize it on a gut level. But time and wishful thinkin can do funny things to your memory.

When I pulled the Panhead into the driveway, I found him clippin some hedges that grew along the front of the pink stucco, split-level, keeping-up-with-the-Jones's dream house that he'd built when I was a kid. My ol man had always been big on gardening. I don't remember a single Saturday during the whole time that I was growin up when I didn't hear the sound of a lawn mower outside my bedroom window at seven-thirty a.m. Pop had a schedule that he followed on weekends, and he stuck to it the way a dead fly sticks to a strip of fly paper. There was no chance in hell of ever gettin him out of the yard for a trip to the mountains, or even for a matinee showing of some new monster flick that all the other kids were seeing with their dads. The yard came first. It was more important than anything else—even the country fair. I never went to the fair with Pop. It was always Ma who took me.

As I cut the engine and put the Pan on its side stand, the ol man turned around and stared at me. He didn't say anything. He just stood there, holdin the clippers at his side. I pulled off my gloves, pushed my tangled hair out of my face, and spat a wad of phlegm into the dirt. Then I looked at the ol man again and wondered what to do about the abyss that grown between him and me like the Grand Canyon.

I decided to ignore it—what the hell. Stuffin my gloves into my coat pocket, I walked across the lawn, over to where he stood, and held out my hand.

"Hi, Pop," I said, in a hoarse voice.

He kept gawkin at me for a minute, like I was somebody he'd never seen before. Then, finally, he held his hand out, saying, "Your mother told me you were coming, but after two years, I didn't know whether to believe it or not."

"Well, believe it, Pop," I said, managing a grin.

He didn't smile back. "You could have given your mother a little more warning. But then, you never were very considerate of her."

I looked down at my boots for just a second, then I met Pop's eyes again. they were blue. Ice blue. When I was doin time, I used to notice how one of the prison guards had eyes just like the ol man's.

"Look, Pop, I kinda have to do things on the spur of the moment," I mumbled. "It's just the way I live."

"Just the way you live, huh?"

"Yeah. I spend a lot of time on the road, and I'm never really sure where it's gonna take me next."

"Nothing to keep you from writing your mother a letter now and then."

"Well, when you're on the move, you just don't have much time for letter-writin."

"Or for washing your clothes?"

As he started in about my hair and my grubby appearance in general, I turned around and looked at the scoot. I was havin serious thoughts about gettin right back on it—I didn't need this kind of shit. But for some reason, I stood there and took it. Maybe I was hopin that once Pop got all this crap out of his system, we might find something else to talk about.

He was still dolin out the bullshit a few minutes later, when Ma pulled up in shiny white sedan. She musta been to one of her meetings or something, cause she was all dressed up. All the same, she threw her arms around me and gave me a big hug—the kind I remember her givin me as a kid. It didn't seem to make any difference to Ma that I was probably wearin the nastiest pair of cut-off Levi's in the whole state of California, and that my beard was crawlin with gnats and bugs from the road. Ma took me just the way I was—like she'd always done.

"So you made it, Gordy!" She finally stood back to take a look at me. "I'm glad you got here in time for supper, because I'm making your favorite thing—lasagna!"

"Sounds great, Ma," I said, even though I didn't have much of an appetite after the "welcome" that the ol man had given me.

"And for dessert," Ma went on, "we're having peach pie and ice cream. the peaches came from the garden."

Ma didn't have to tell me that. Pop grew just about everything except marijuana in his garden. When I was a kid, he used to make me get out there and help him pick radishes and squash and stuff like that. One day, when we were pickin tomatos together, I found an ol monster-sized one that I thought would look

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THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK

An Interview with Rusty Dennis Mason

Interview by Snow
Photos By Fatbob

Rusty Dennis is the woman behind the movie "Mask." Her son Rocky, who died in 1978 from complications resulting from his genetic disorder *(craniodiaphyseal dysplasia* is the official name for it), is the focal point of the flick and around him revolves Rusty, and an accurate portrayal of the lifestyle that we all know and love. Rusty, still a hard-ridin biker, has been on Harleys for the past 30 years and shows no sign of slowin down—her current ride is an 80 in. shovelhead trike.

With a youthful, optimistic outlook on life that most chicks half her age don't possess, Rusty is takin all the current media attention in stride with the gritty pragmatism of a true biker. The prospect of big bucks loomin on her horizon leaves her somewhat unimpressed—ya take the good with the bad and don't get too bent outta shape over either of em. We caught up with Rusty at the ritzy Berkshire Hotel in Manhattan after she'd appeared on the "Today" show.

IH: This is a really classy place, I thought they were gonna throw me outta the lobby while I was waitin for Fatbob to show up.

Rusty: Yeah, they told me that I'd have to "dress" for dinner if I wanted to eat in the dining room, but fuck em, I just call up room service. It's all free anyway.

IH: Who's pickin up the tab, NBC?

Rusty: Yeah.

IH: What's it like as a biker gettin all this positive attention from the media straights?

Rusty: Well, I haven't said "fuck" on the air yet, so I guess I'm doin okay.

IH: How did this movie about your son come to be made?

Rusty: A few years ago Anna Phelan, the screenwriter, happened to be visiting the UCLA Center for Genetic Research at the same time that Rocky was there and he evidently made an impact on her. She told me that all she could talk about for months was Rocky, and finally, to get her to shut up, her kids convinced her to write it all down. It was her first screenplay and she showed it to Peter (Bogdanovich) who was really taken with the story. Rocky always had that kind of effect on people.

IH: The bikers in the flick all chip in and buy Rocky a suit for graduation, did that actually happen?

Rusty: Sure...Rocky had an amazing effect on people, he was like that—he brought out the best in everybody.

IH: It is a pretty unusual flick, givin bikers such fair treatment.

Rusty: Yeah, they went out of their way to make sure that it would be accurate. They used real bikers for extras, and Peter even had a Hell's Angel as a technical advisor.

IH: Is there really a Turks M.C. out in Southern California?

Rusty: Nah, actually the Turks were created by Peter, and represent a combination of about three or four bike clubs that used to party at my house in Covena. He didn't want to use any real life club names. It streamlined the story to have just one club. You really don't have much time in a movie to establish characters and havin three or four clubs would have been confusin to your average citizen.

I've seen some reviews that refer to the Turks as Hell's Angels, which of course is all wrong. It's just that some people think of any bike club as H.A's, or anybody on a Harley for that matter. Peter also designed the Turks patch, and researched past and present clubs so that their colors would not be infringed on.

IH: You had three or four clubs

partyin at yer house? Were there ever any problems?

Rusty: No, never. It was funny, we lived in a straight, middle-class neighborhood and we were, like, this island of weirdness right in the middle of it. I had the kind of place where there were always twenty people stayin over at any given moment, but there was never any complaint from the neighbors, or hassle with the cops. It was probably because, like most bikers, we kept to ourselves and if nobody fucked with us then everything was cool. We even had a wedding at my house once that was attended by a coupla warring clubs, but they were observing a truce or something and everything went perfectly.

Rocky grew up in the middle of all this, and it was like sink or swim. He learned early on how to handle just about anything. And being brought up around bikers like that, he learned not to take things too seriously.

I remember one time we all went up to Bass Lake on a run, and everybody was fucked up, man, and they ran a truck with four bikes in it off a cliff. Everybody just laughed, it was so funny. We called it the "Bass Lake Death Run" after that.

IH: It wouldn't be so funny if it was yer bike!

Rusty: Yeah, well, it was funny and horrible at the same time. Nobody was hurt, they jumped out before the truck went over.

IH: Now that ya live in San Francisco, do ya see much of yer old bikin family?

Rusty: No, not much. I don't get down there too much anymore, it's a long ride. I've been hangin out with some of the clean and sober bike clubs up there. These're bikers who go off on runs and do all the things that bikers do, but don't get fucked up. They're crazy as hell, though. They're the craziest bikers I've ever seen—really wild. It's, like, there aren't any drugs to wear off or booze to make them crash, so they just get crazier as the night goes on. I've got an 80-inch trike waitin for me back in San Francisco, too, along with the clean and sober clubbers. It was down for a top end when they took those pictures of me for "People," so I had to sit on a friend's bike. They spent three hours takin pictures and wound up usin

HOLLYWOOD GOES HARLEYWISE WITH "MASK"

Finally, a movie that takes an honest look at the lifestyle.

Reviewed by David Snow

"Mask" is one of the best biker flicks ever produced by a major studio, which is sayin a lot when ya consider the likes of "Easy Rider" and "The Wild One," the twin Gibralters of motorcycle movies.

Although "Mask" doesn't revolve around motorcycles the way those two flicks did, it is an equally important film as far as its impact on the public perception of bikers. Bikers are so integral and important to the story as a supportin framework, that the movie, as well as the true story on which it's based, would be vastly different without their presence. The flick shows how Rocky Dennis, a young kid who suffers from a disfiguring genetic disease, is aided by his mom Rusty (played as a luscious piece of scooter trash by Cher) and his extended family of outlaw clubbers. Together, they help him live a life that is more varied, rich, and probably better adjusted than any straight society could've given him.

Probably for the first time anywhere, a mass audience has been exposed to a glimpse into the biker subculture that, up until now, has been represented by only damaging stereotypes. As we all know, in recent years the biker has served the same role in the media that the American Indian used to—that of the convenient, cardboard bad guy. This approach is used by incompetent writers who are unable or unwillin to develop or sufficiently motivate their characters, and instead rely on stereotypes to provide an easy, instant villian for the hero to knock over. This representation of bikers as the media's knee-jerk Evil Force is so pervasive that audiences now salivate like Pavlov's dog whenever they see a biker on the screen—droolin in anticipation of seein em crash and burn—and ya don't have to wonder too hard if that attitude is taken with em when they get behind the wheel of a cage. That's "damagin" in a very fuckin literal sense.

But "Mask" may help to change all that. For once, bikers are depicted as three dimensional, sympathetic characters, but the director Peter Bogdonavich wisely stayed away from any attempt to whitewash the outlaws into shinin examples of knighthood. That wouldn't have fooled anybody. Instead, the lifestyle is presented without glorification or editorial comment, the good bein shown along with the bad (or what the average

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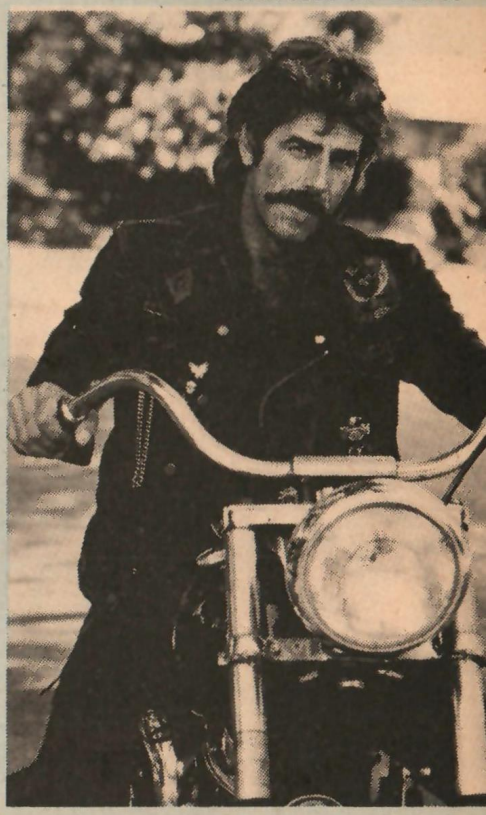


only one of em.

IH: So you're straight now, just like the movie?

Rusty: Well...let's just say I'm discriminating as to what and where.

IH: O.K. From one vice to another, when did ya first get into bikes?

Rusty: Oh, that was way back when I was fourteen. I used to ride around Coney Island with a guy who had a completely chromed-out Indian. I rode everything—Harleys, Indians, Triumphs, BSAs, Zundapps—but I always wrecked. I learned to ride on two wheels, but it always seemed like whenever I tried a left-handed turn I'd fall over, which is why I prefer a trike.

IH: What was yer worst wreck?

Rusty: That would have to be the time I crashed a friend's Triumph 500. I was fucked up and broke my leg in about 17 places. The doctors told me that I was going to lose the leg, but I wouldn't let em take it off. Then, when it started to mend, they said that I wouldn't be able to walk on it—but I did. That was when I first found out that doctors, or any authority for that matter, didn't know everything.

IH: What was it like bein a biker back in the 50's?

Rusty: It was great, about the same as it is now...ridin, smokin pot, gettin hassled by the cops. We must've seen "The Wild One" a hundred times.

IH: Was it a big influence on you?

Rusty: Well, not really an influence because we were already outcasts, in our jeans and engineer boots and stuff, it just reinforced our way of thinkin. When your folks are down on ya for hangin out and ridin all the time, and a movie like that comes out, it lets ya know that you're not alone. I still love that movie.

IH: You mentioned the fact that doctors don't know everything. How did Rocky feel bein told by them that he'd only live six more months? Everyone knows they're gonna go sooner or later, but he was constantly being told that it was gonna be sooner.

Rusty: Well, ya see, Rocky knew he had a choice so he wasn't scared.

IH: What do you mean by a choice?

Rusty: Everybody has a choice—there are no accidents. I believe that deep down we all decide when it's time for us to go, and Rocky would know and decide when his time had come. No doctor was gonna do that for him, so it didn't matter what they said. I'm sure that if I had taught him to have blind faith in doctors like most people, he would've died sooner after listenin to years of their bullshit.

IH: So it's kinda like the power of suggestion?

Rusty: Sure. I could've easily lost my leg, and Rocky's disease could've killed him long before he was sixteen. You just have to let things happen and allow them to run their own course without unnecessary interference from people who aren't as involved as you are. You run into a lot of problems when ya try to force the issue.

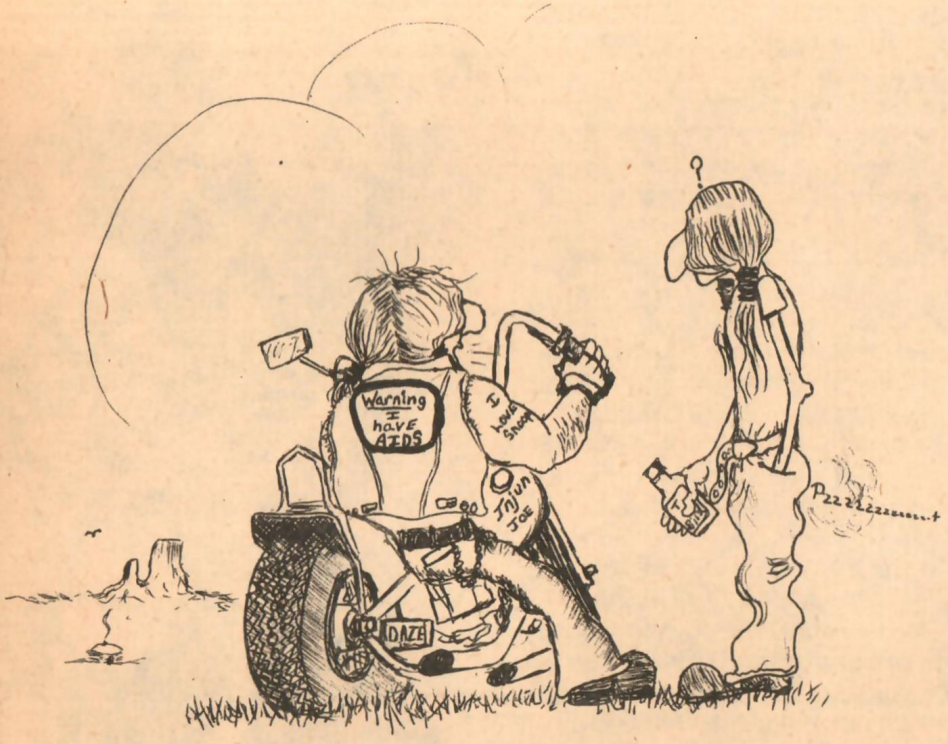
There was a great scene in the movie, but which was edited out of the final cut, of a biker funeral and it would've given the audience a good idea of how Rocky felt about death. It wasn't a big deal to him, it was just goin from one place to another. I remember once when he was about seven years old and one of his uncles had died. Rocky didn't want to go into the funeral home in order to file past the casket. It wasn't that he was scared, he just said, "That's not Joe in there... Joe's out here." And he waved to the grass and trees and sky.

Some people thought I was crude to donate Rocky's body to UCLA for research, but Rocky and I talked about it before he died. Actually, it was his idea, because he knew that what he really was would be long gone from that shell, and I know that that's true.

I can feel his presence constantly, and Eric Stotlz, the actor who played Rocky, adopted some of his mannerisms even off camera...little things that weren't brought out that much in the movie. One of them was Rocky's habit of always thinkin up schemes to hustle money, and here was this kid playin Rocky startin to do the same thing. He's an actor in a Hollywood movie, what's he need to hustle small change for? I knew Rocky was there, and I know that he's gettin off on all this attention. Havin a movie made about him—are you kiddin?

IH: Any parting words fer all the bikers out there? This is gonna go around the world.

Rusty: Well, just keep on truckin, and ride safe.□



"Fuck no! But it will keep the fuzz off my ass for a while!"

Scrawls Off The Wall

When the surgeon came to see the biker's ol lady after her operation, she asked him how long it would be before she could resume her sex life. "I really haven't thought about it," gulped the stunned surgeon. "You're the first patient who's asked me that after a tonsillectomy!"

Reaper
Galveston, TX

Earl and his buddy were ridin down the lonely country road together. After a long silence Earl said, "Eh, what's eatin you?"

"Aah, somethin's been botherin me for days. Maybe it ain't none of my business, but you and me've been buddies for years and I just gotta tell ya."

"Go ahead, spit it out," said Earl.

"Last Saturday night I was in a whorehouse and who do I see there but your ol lady, Betty. I hate to say it, Earl, but Betty's a prostitute."

"Naw! Betty ain't no prostitute. She's just a substitute. She's only there on weekends!"

Dunlop Don
NYC

A fiery-tongued priest had been preaching about sex and morality to his congregation.

"Sex is dirty!" he shouted. "I wanna see only good girls today. I want every virgin in church to stand up."

Not a soul moved. Then after a long pause, a sexy-looking blonde in a motorcycle jacket holding an infant in her arms got to her feet.

"Virgins is what I want!" shouted the outraged priest.

"Hey, Father," the woman asked. "You expect a two-month-old baby to stand all by herself?"

Rocky
Fayetteville, NC

The biker asked the chick at the party to ride with him the next day.

"I don't know," she said, "the forecast mentions the possibility of three to five inches tomorrow."

"That's OK," the biker replied. "I can promise you eight to ten."

Samthe Pan
Orlando, FL

Hard Top was relaxing at the bar when a man walked up to him and ran his hand over Hard Top's bald head.

"That feels as smooth as my wife's ass," the man remarked.

"Yeah," Hard Top said before throwing him through the front window, "it does."

Dusty Rhodes
Kansas City, MO

"I'm afraid we're surrounded by Indians, General Custer!"

A biker in a gun shop asked the salesclerk for a .357 Magnum. "That's a mighty powerful gun," said the clerk. "What do you intend to use it for?"

"I just want to shoot some cans," the biker answered.

"Why don't you save yourself some money and buy a .22?" asked the clerk, trying to help. "It would be plenty powerful for just shooting cans."

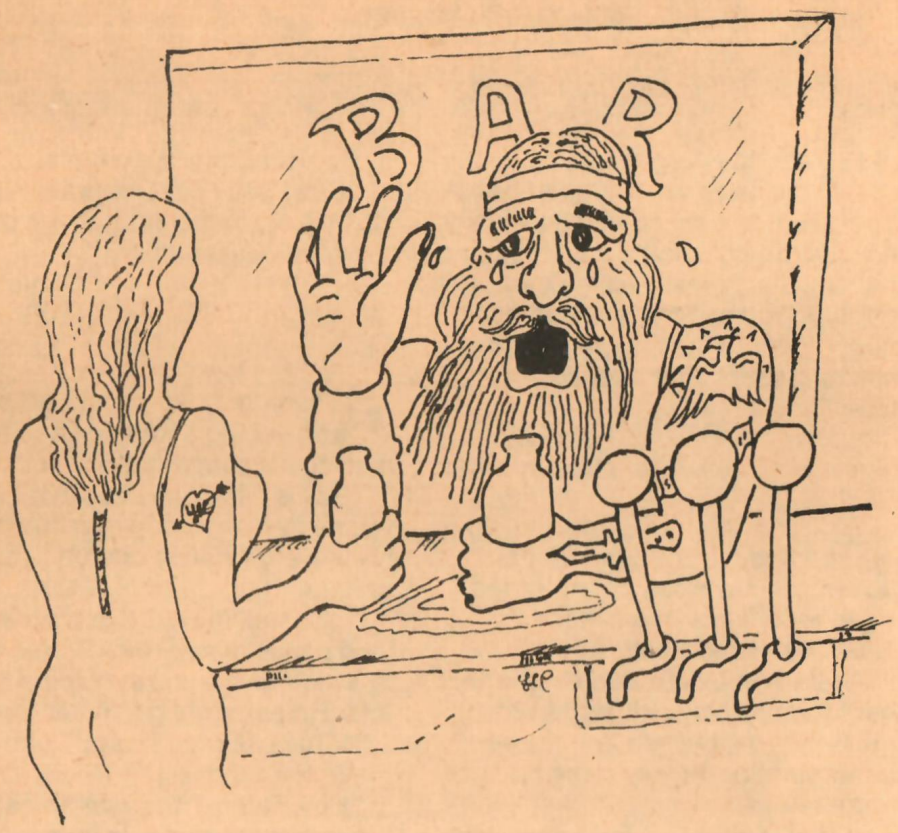
"I kinda had my mind set on a .357."

"Sure, you're the boss," said the baffled clerk. "But just what kind of cans do you plan on shooting?"

"Well," said the biker. "Meri-CANS, Puerto RiCANS and Afri-CANS."

Billy R.
Waco, TX

Skully parked his Harley outside the entrance at the state rock concert marked MUSICIANS ONLY. The security guard directed him to the back entrance. Undaunted, Skully started toward the main door. He was stopped by the guard. "Sorry bud, this entrance is reserved for the musicians."



"I...I...lo...lost m...my...my middle finger and I can't ex... express myself!"

"That's all right," Skully replied. I've got my organ with me."

Knuck
LA, CA

"The lines are blurry. Stop jerking off for a week and come back!"

Big Red picked up a chick at a party and took her home and balled her.

"Red," she observed. "You are drunk."

"And you're ugly," Red replied. "But in the morning I'll be sober."

Redneck Randy
Macon, GA

Dirty Dave approached a newly painted motorcycle at the local yuppy bike shop, coming very close to touching it.

"For God's sake, be careful," the well-dressed salesman shouted. "You don't seem to realize that the paint is fresh!"

"Don't worry," said Dave. "I have my gloves on."

Beemer
Cincinatti, OH

Big Al was nodding while his ol lady was screamin at him for leavin the party last night with another chick.

"Must you fall asleep while I'm talking?" she demanded.

"No," said Al. "It's purely voluntary."

Scott Stevens
Madison, WI

"If you were my ol man," a chick said to Slasher at a party after he all but raped her. "I'd poison your booze."

"If you were my ol' lady," Slasher said. "I'd drink it."

Mad Dog
Jersey City, NJ

The bro sat at the bar with a huge bandage wrapped around his head.

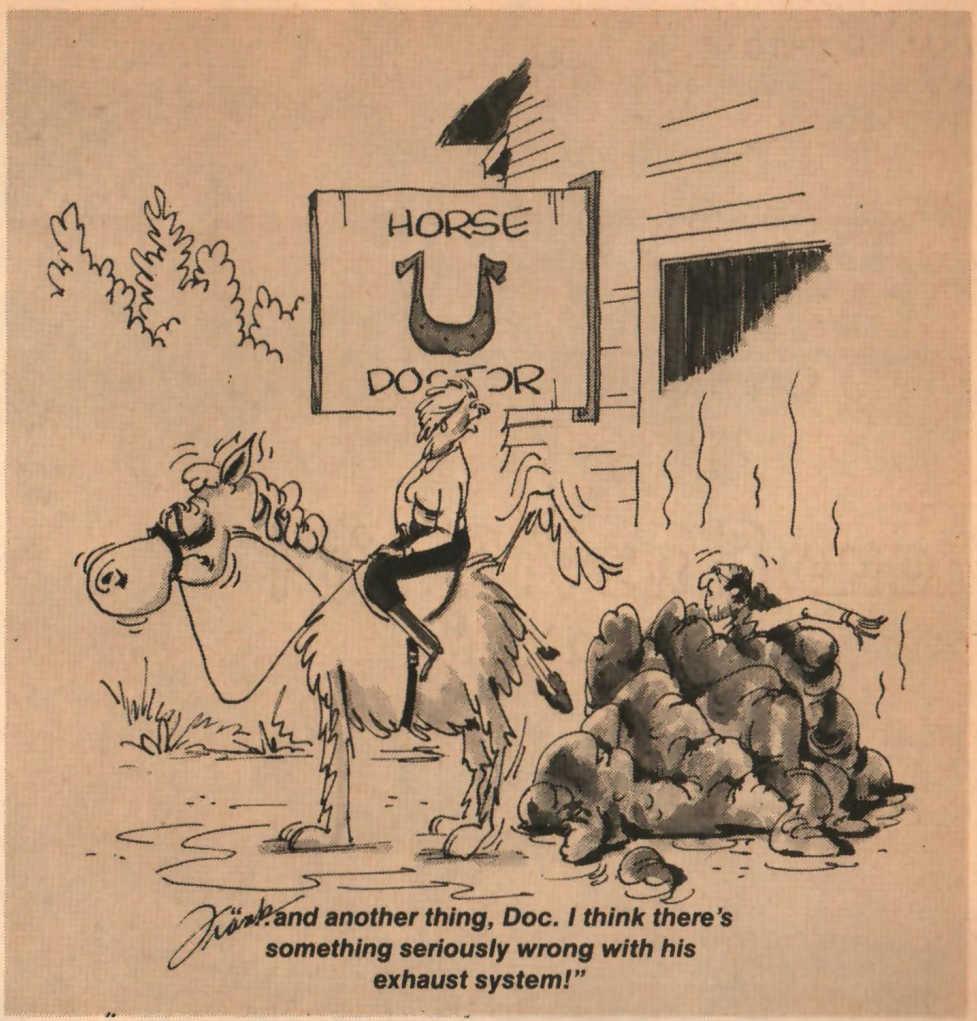
"What happened to you?," asked the bartender.

"Aw, I gave the Prez's ol lady a big kiss right on the lips last night."

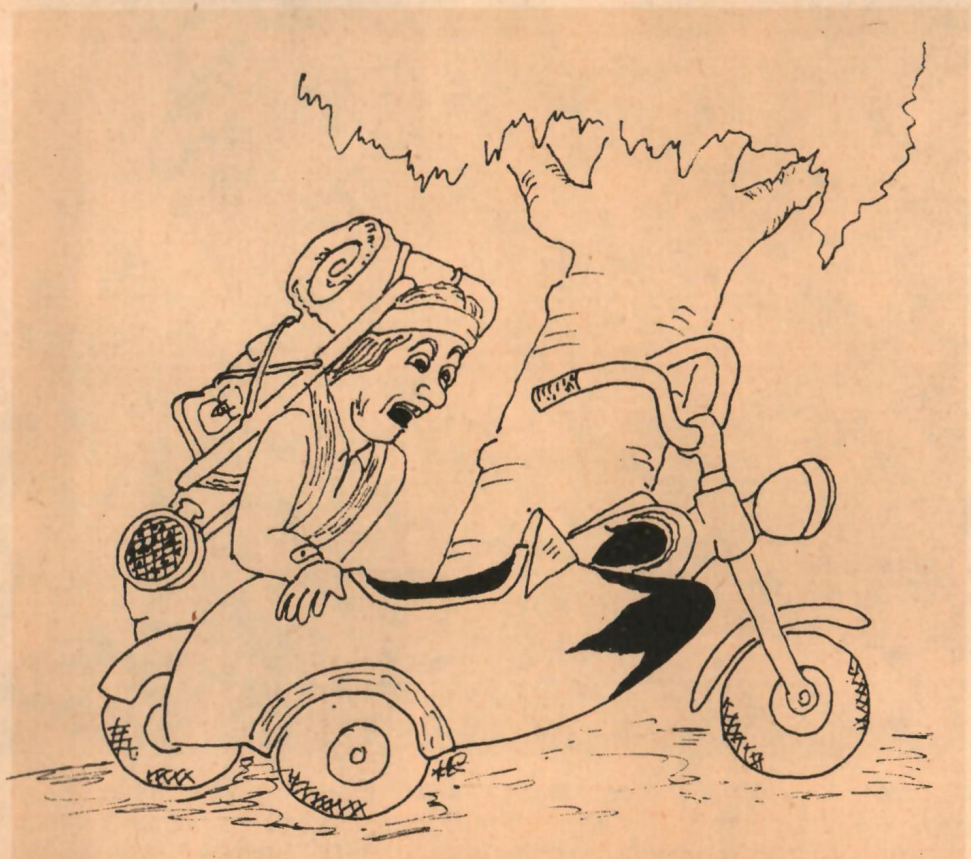
"It looks like he didn't take it too good."

"He never touched me, but she crossed her legs and almost broke my neck!"

Campy
U.S.A.



"and another thing, Doc. I think there's something seriously wrong with his exhaust system!"



"Can the three of you really do that in there?"

The bandage-covered biker who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting bro.

"Wh-what happened?"

"Ya had one too many last night, then ya made a bet that you could jump over five cars."

"Why didn't ya stop me?" screamed the mangled biker.

"Stop ya, hell—I had $50 on ya."

Liver Larry
Nashville, TN

A converted prostitute, with a group of fellow Salvation Army members on a street corner, was lecturing about the sins of her life.

"I've been to bed with white men, black men, yellow men, red men...."

Just then a band of bikers came riden by. One of the bikers yelled, "That's right, baby, fuck 'em all."

G.I. Joe
Fayetteville, NC

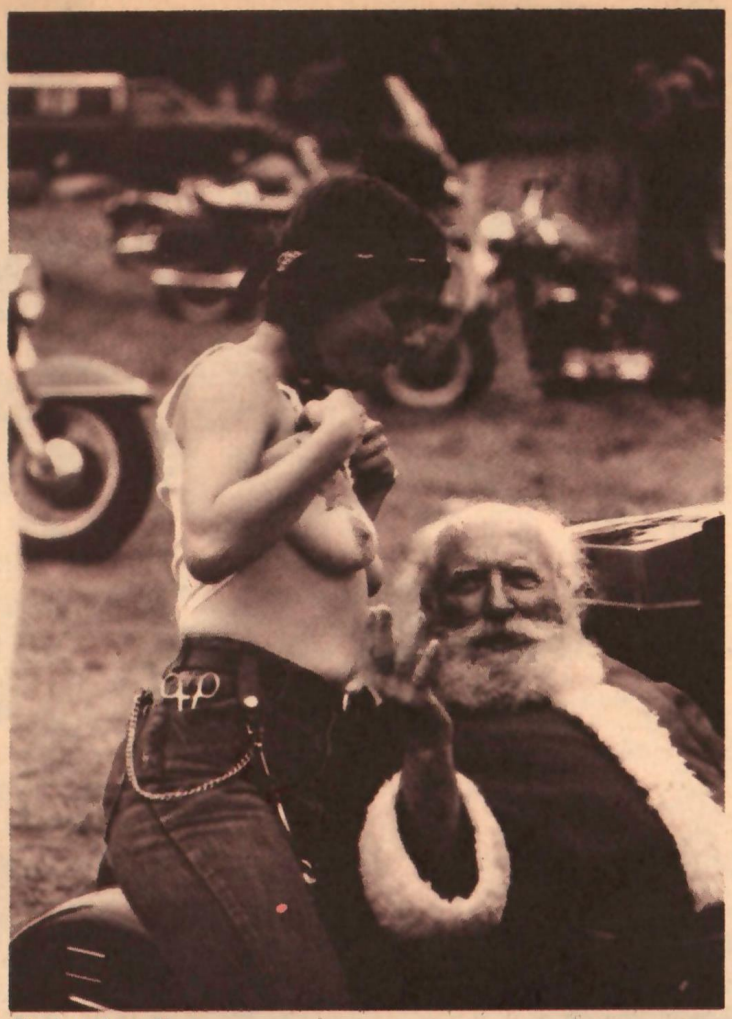
□

Our Bros Runnin' Free On The Go!

Flash Aubut, FL

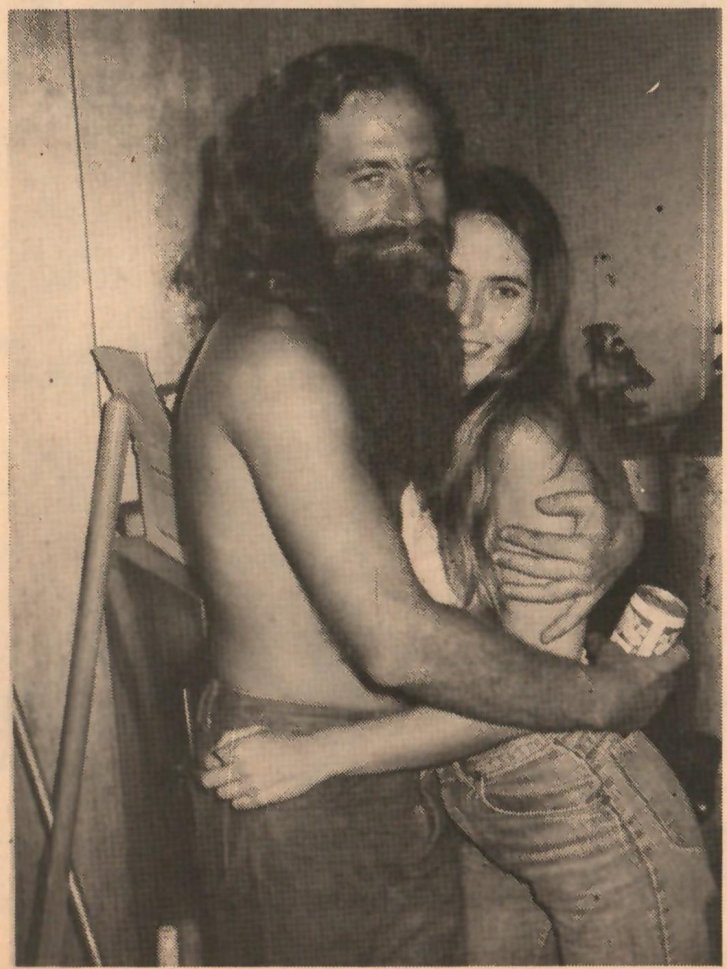
Arkansas Belvidere, NJ

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2 ¼), and exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to **Iron Horse,** *P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.*

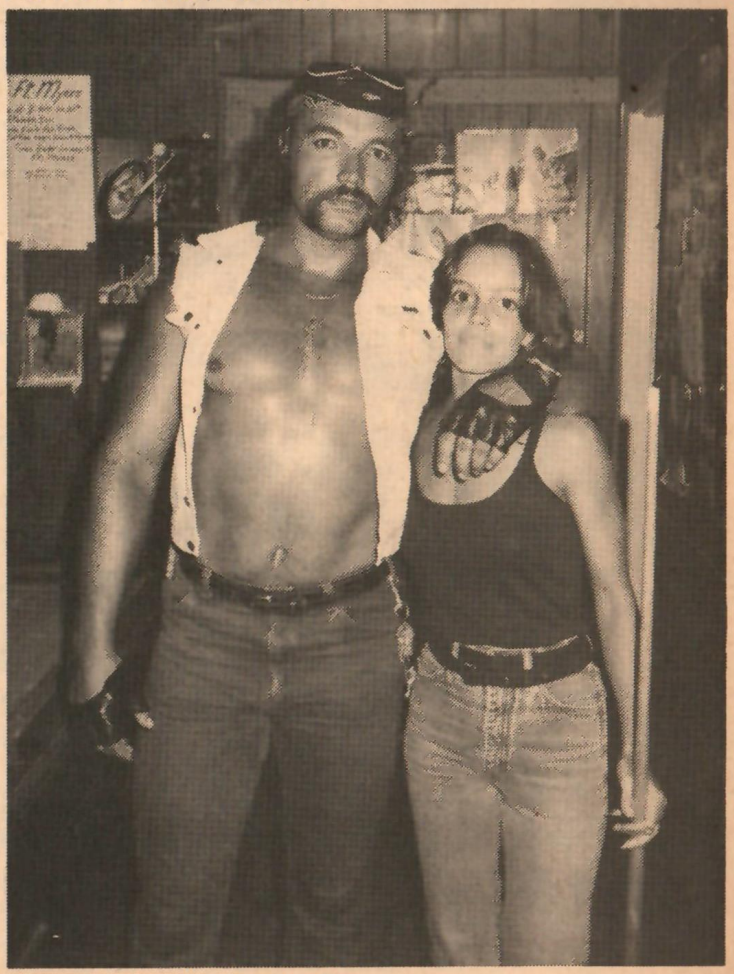


Flash Aubut, FL

Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL



Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL



Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL

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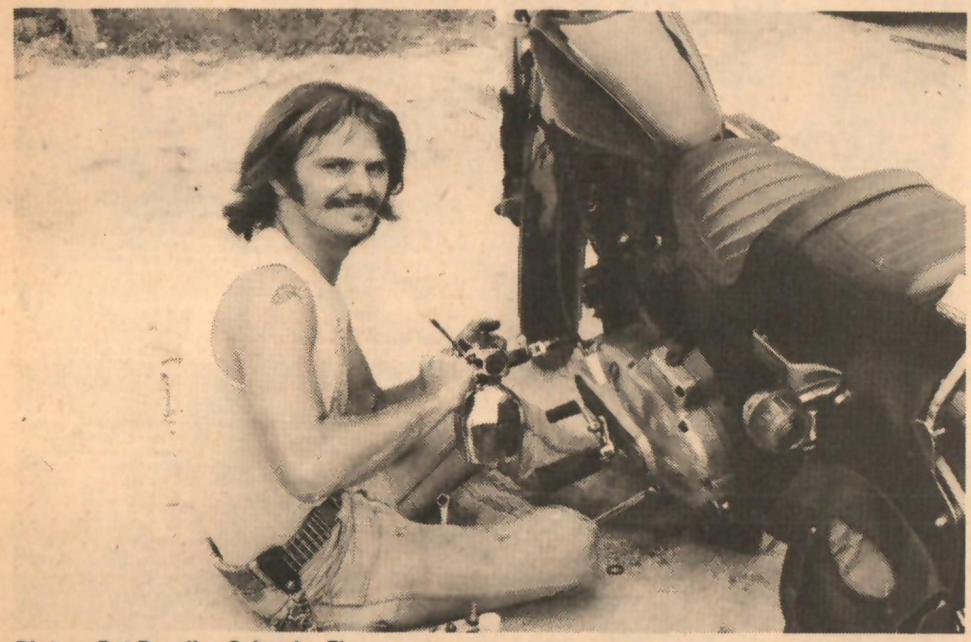
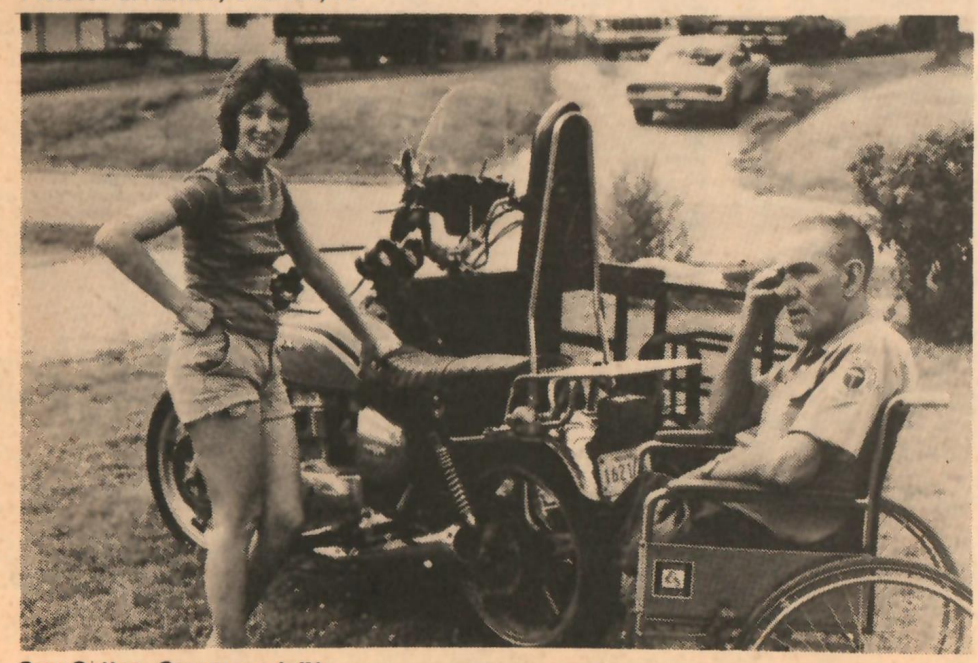
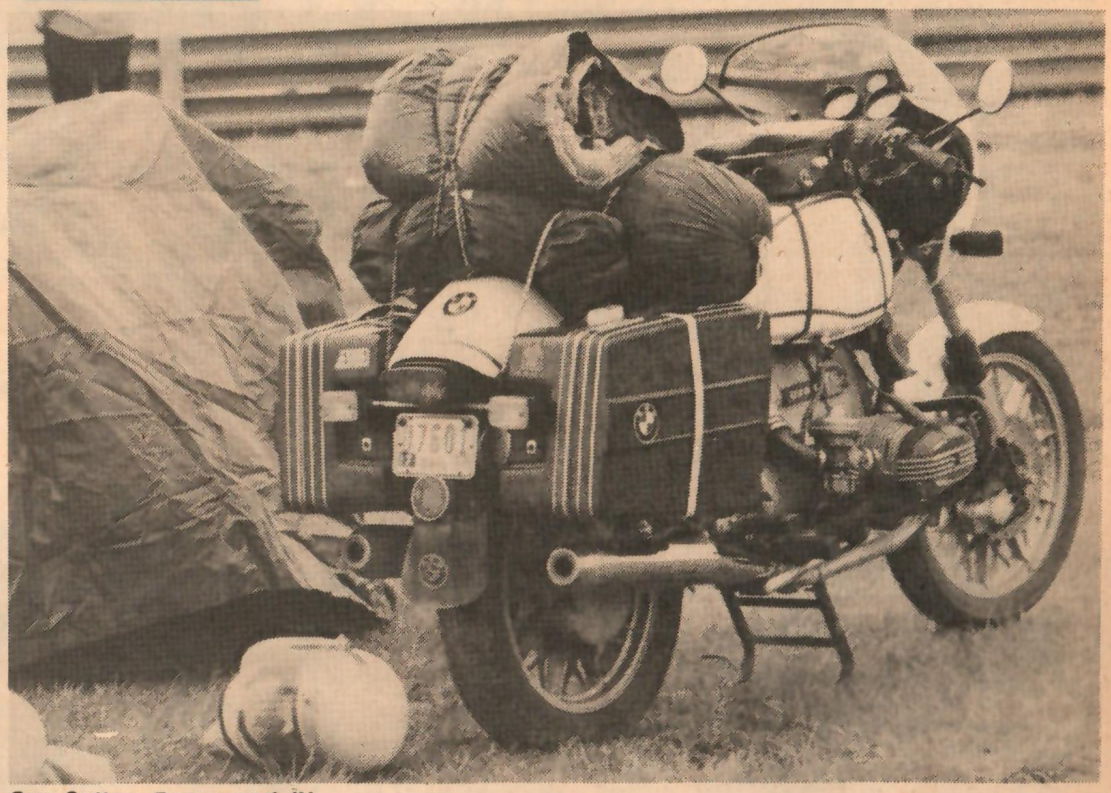


Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL



Gary Sutton, Greenwood, IN

Ken Gragido,
Laporte, IN



Gary Sutton, Greenwood, IN

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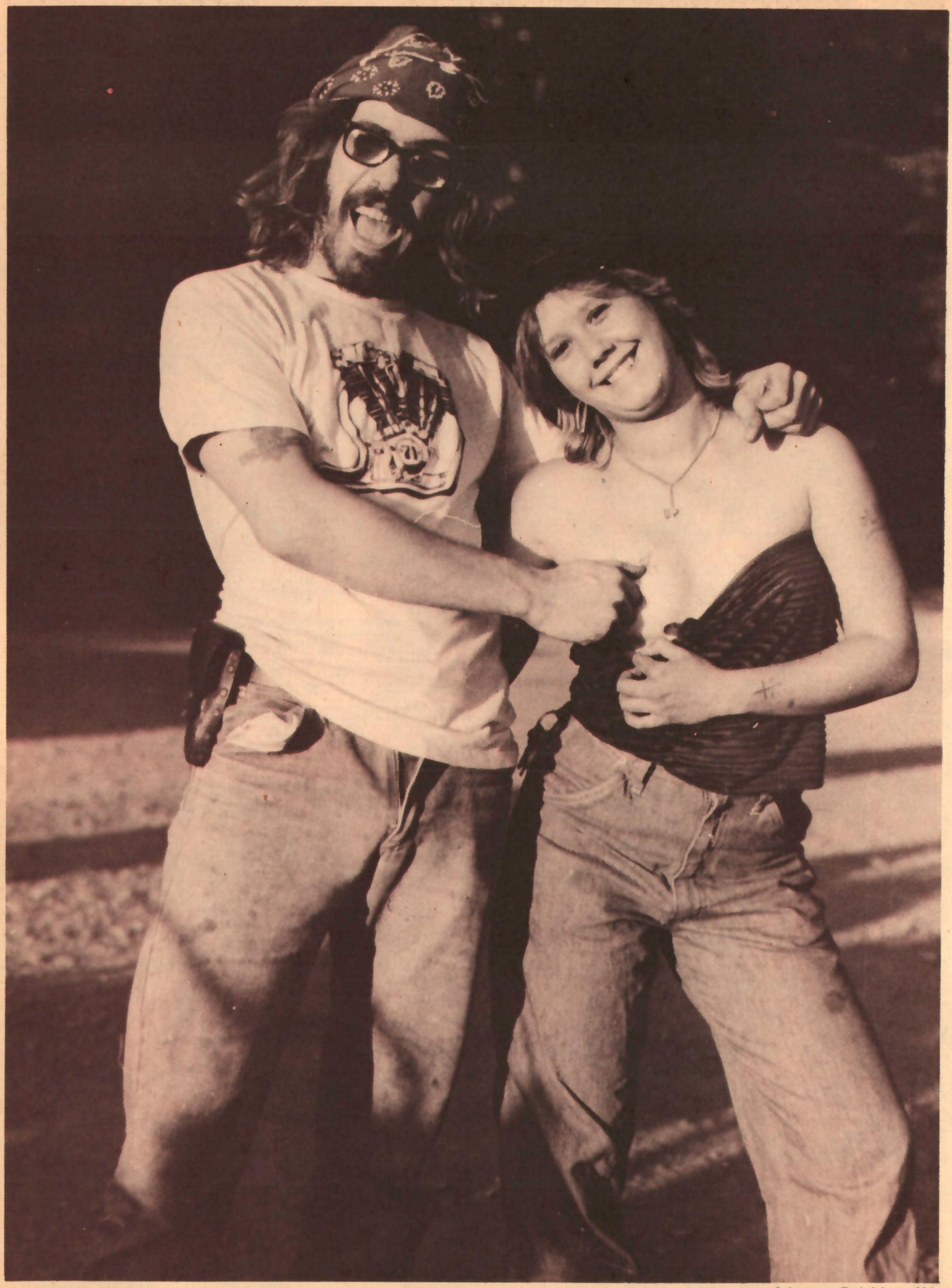
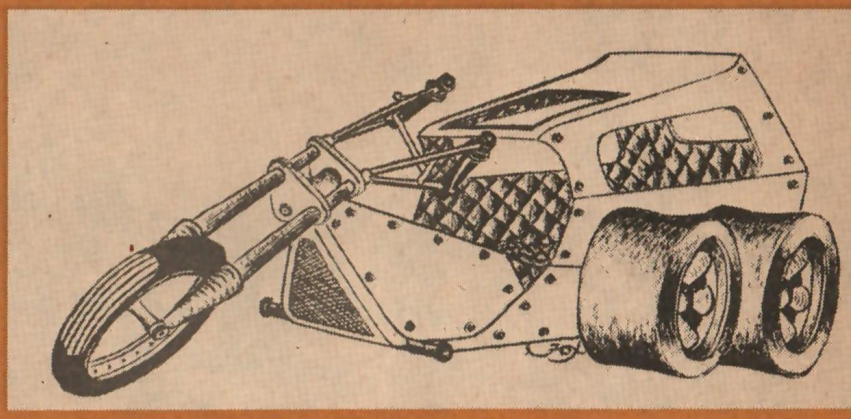
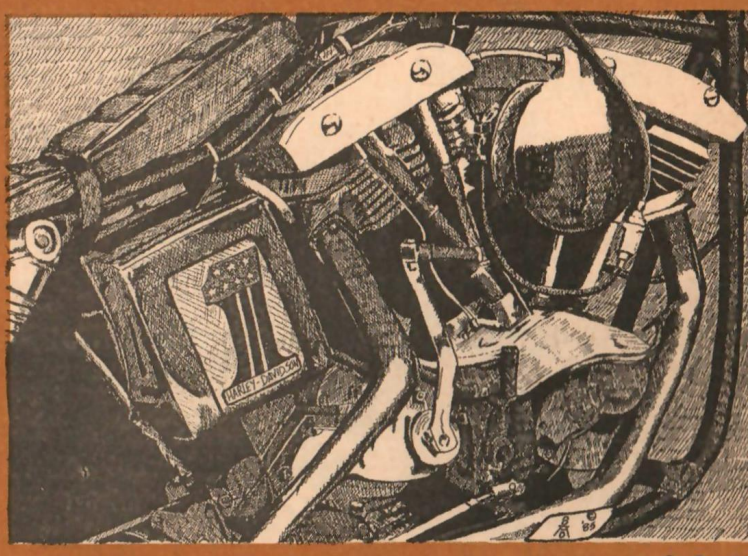


Arkansas Belvidere, NJ

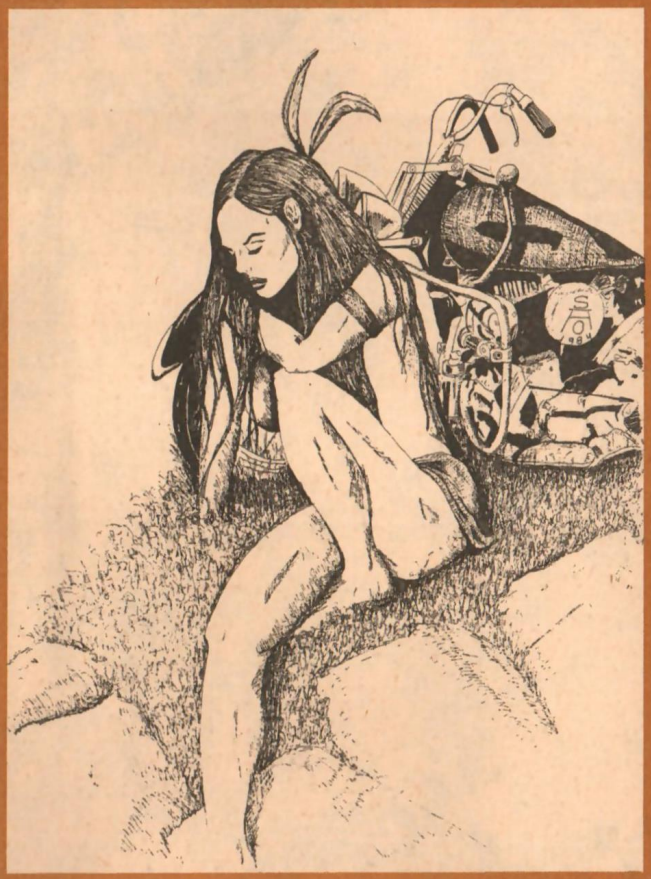
Scooter Art



Bruce Fox



S. Orsill



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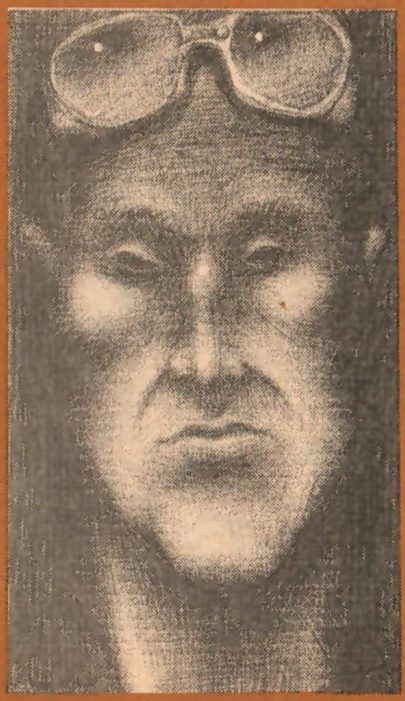
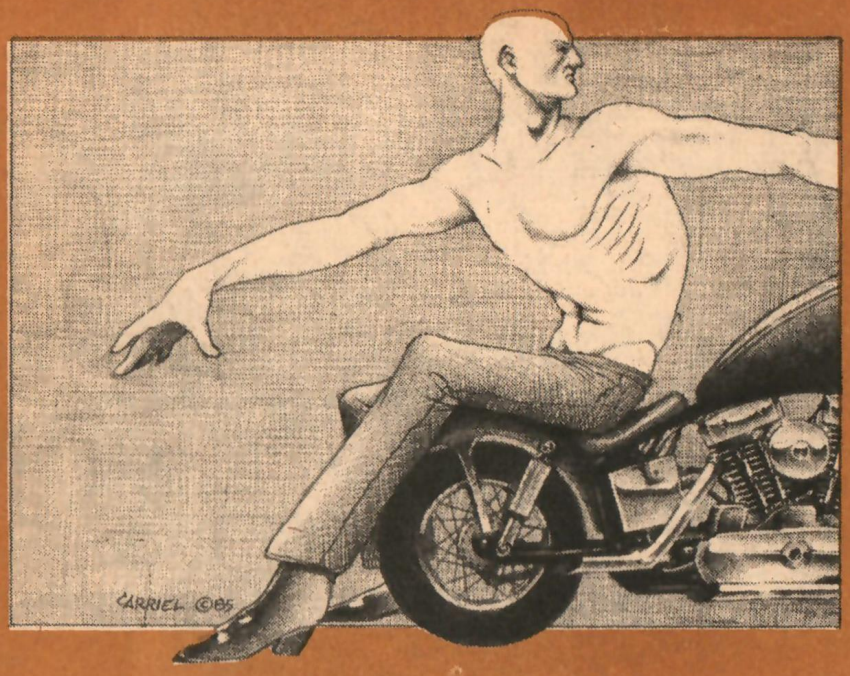
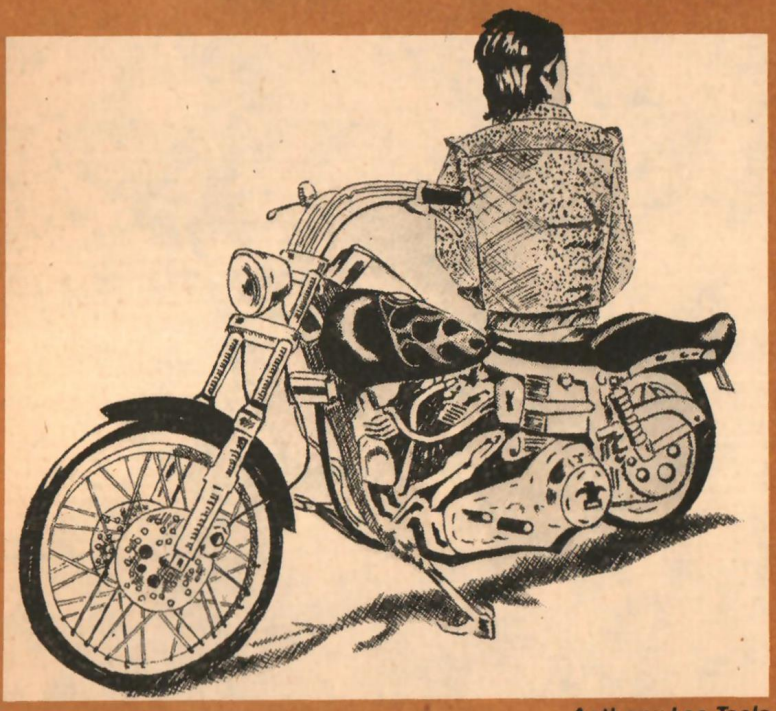


CARRIEL





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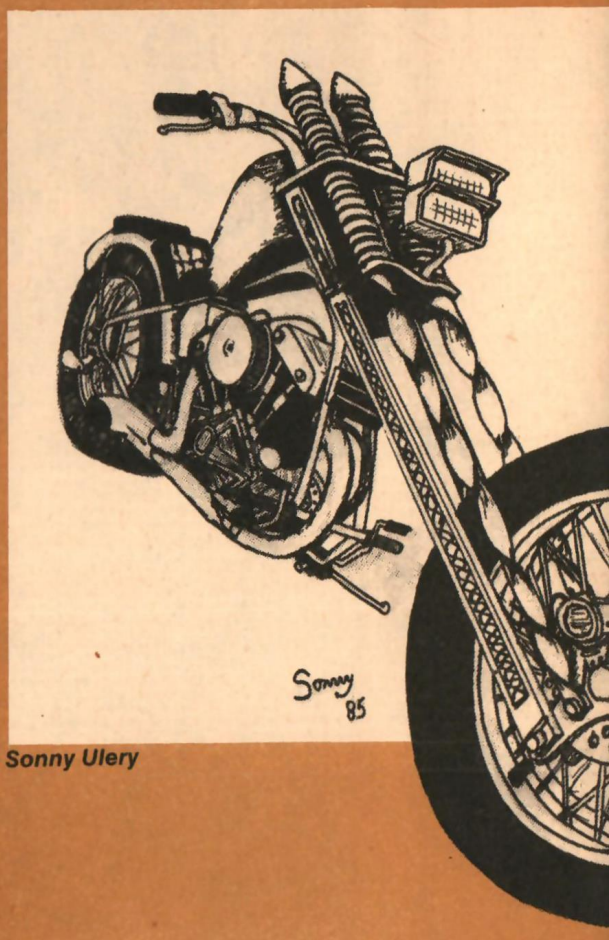
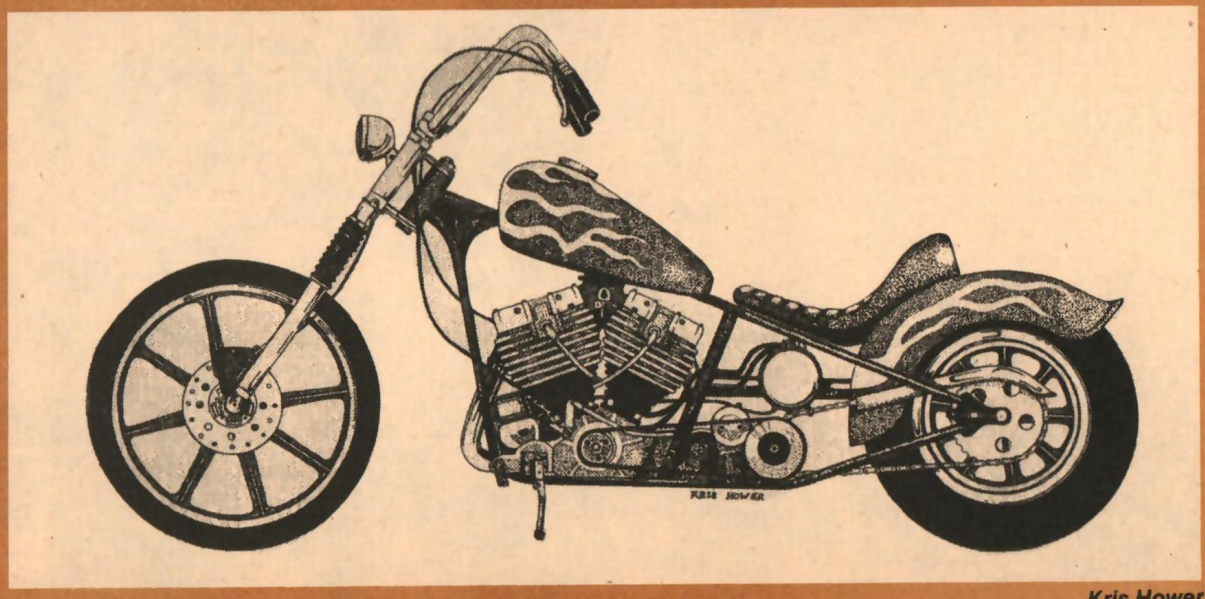
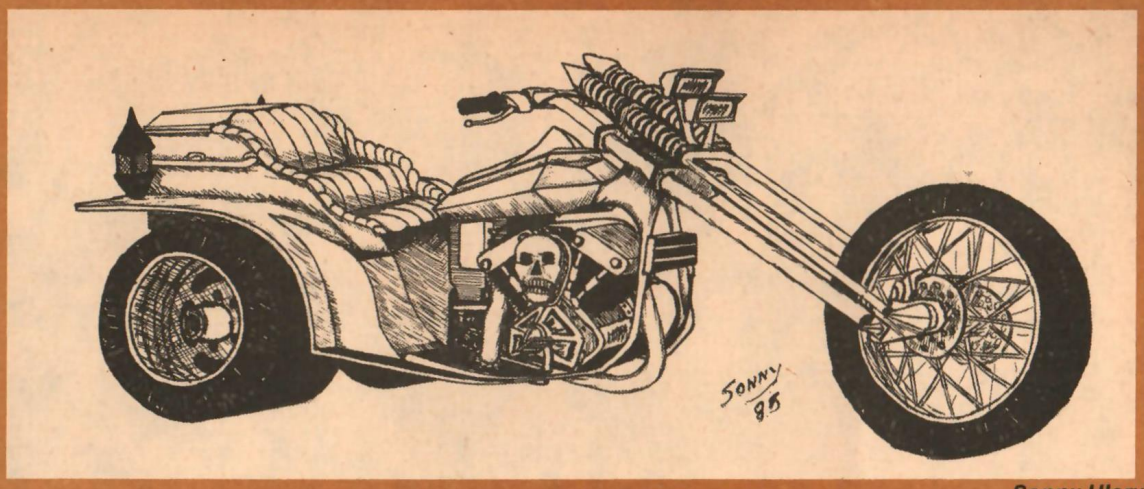


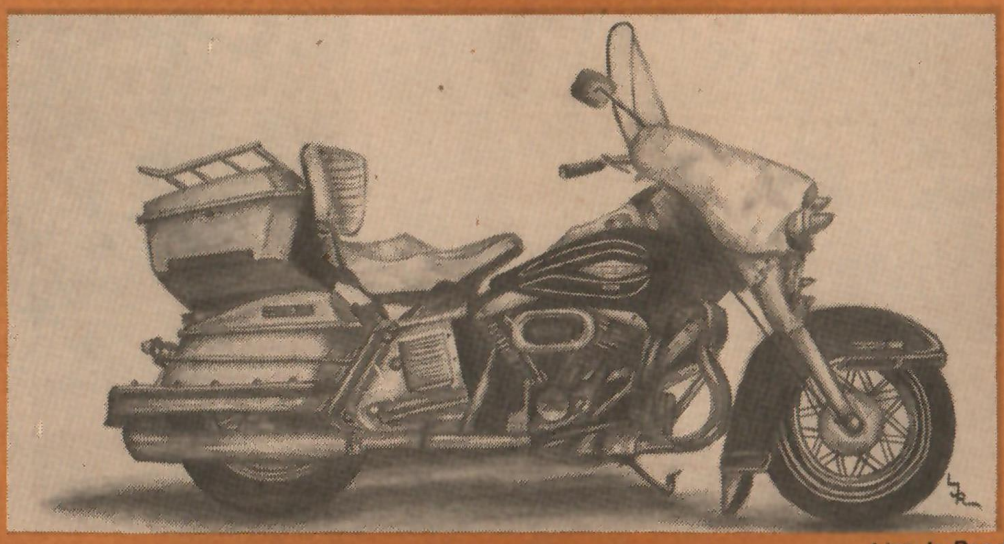
Sonny Ulery



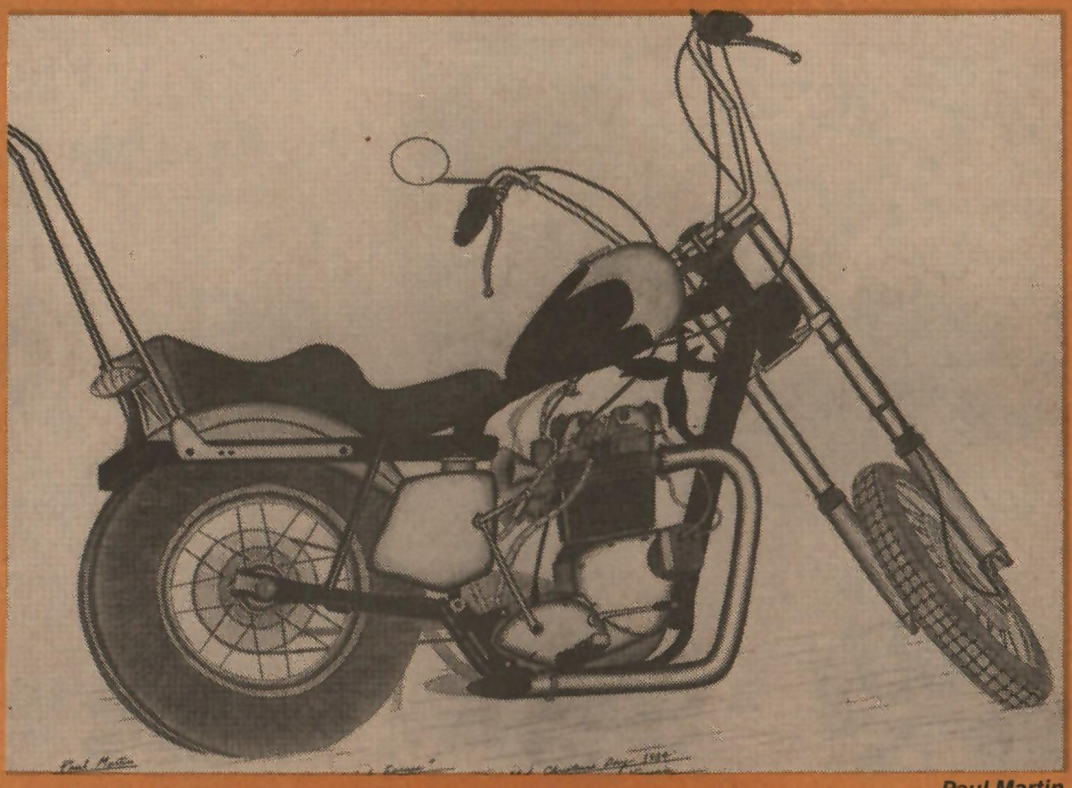
Kris Hower



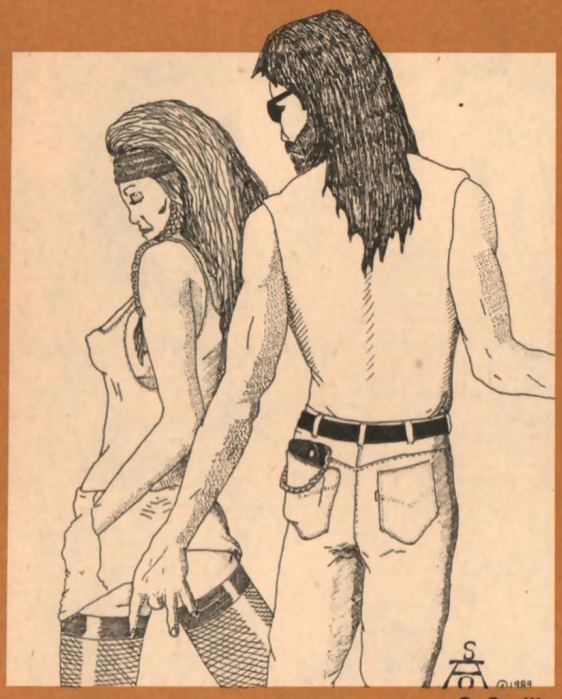
Sonny Ulery



Lisa Jo Rand



Paul Martin



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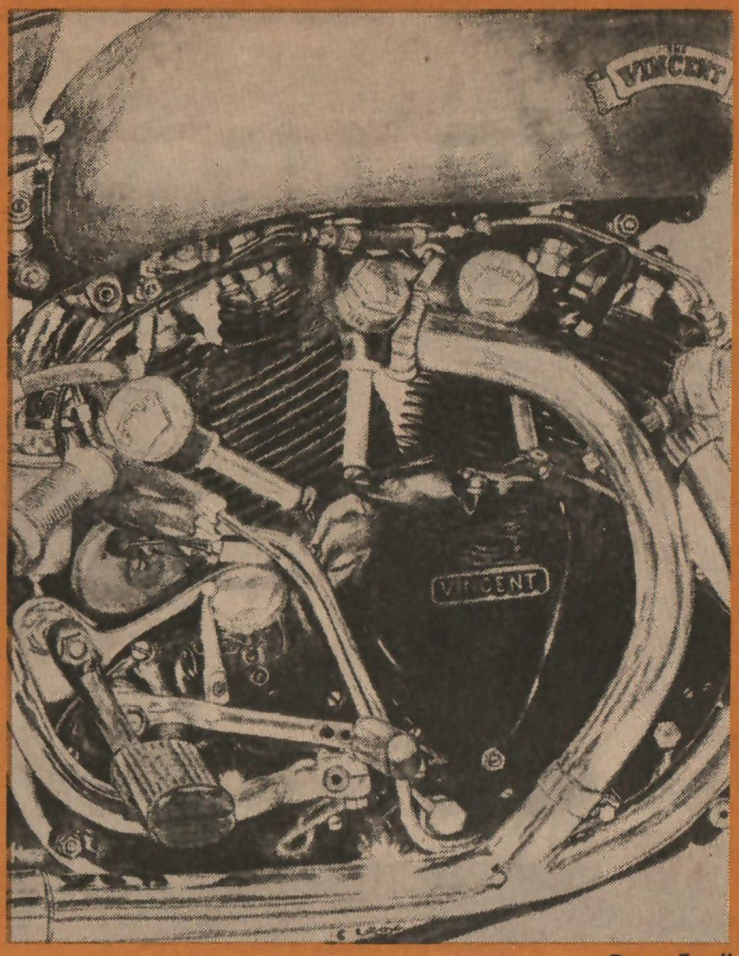
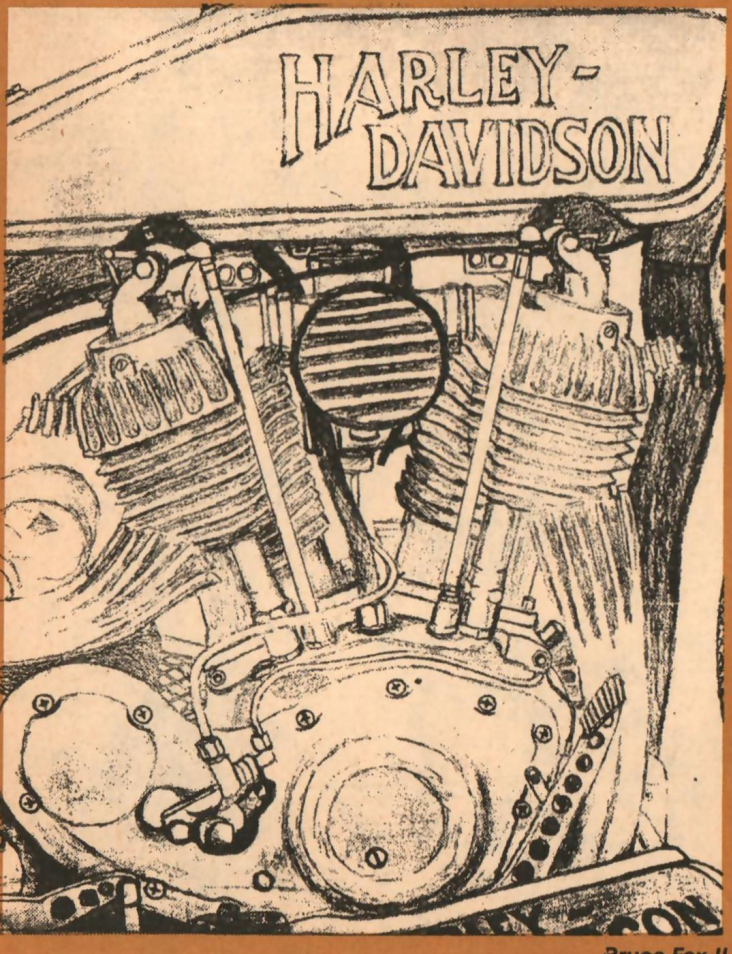
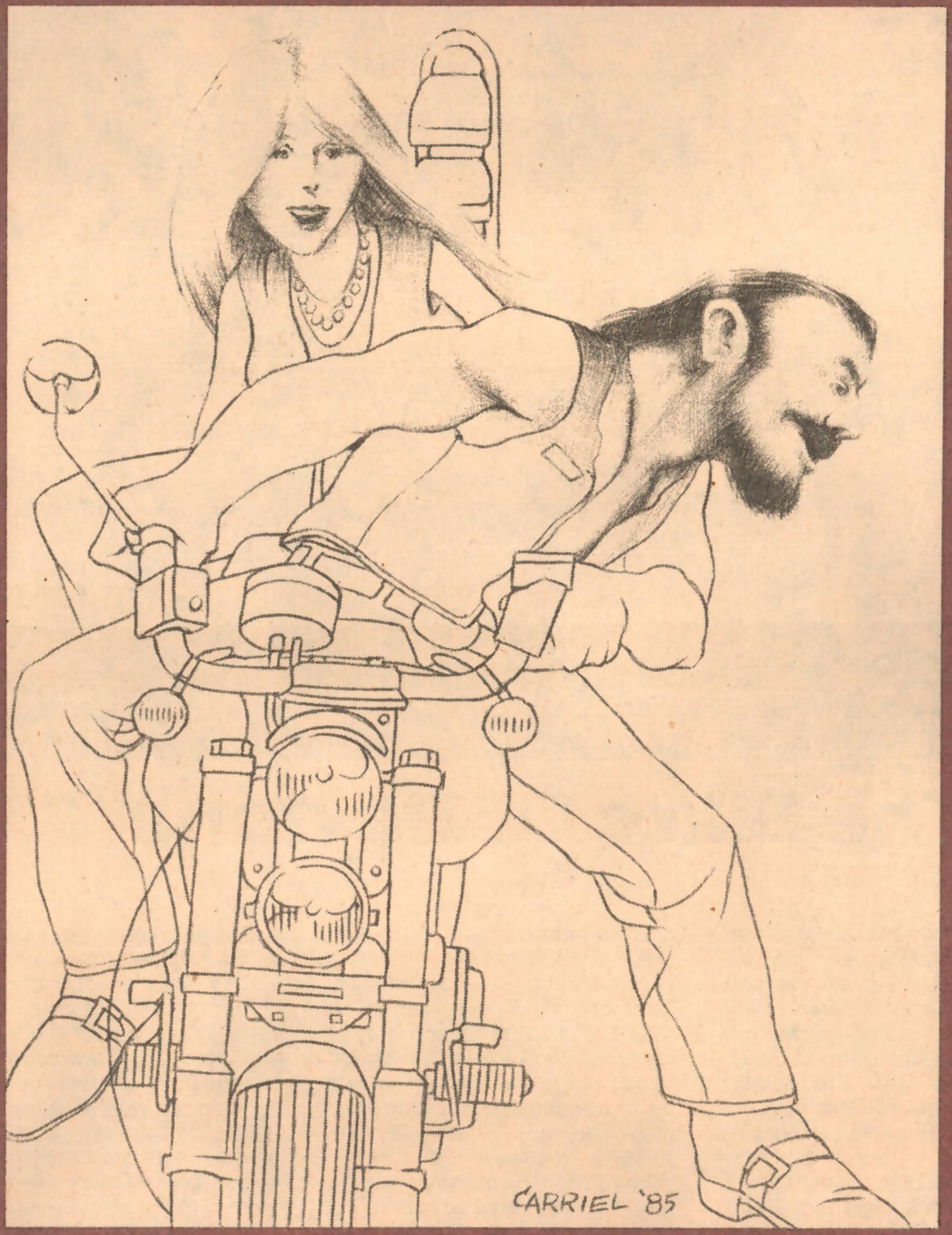


Bruce Fox II



Bruce Fox II

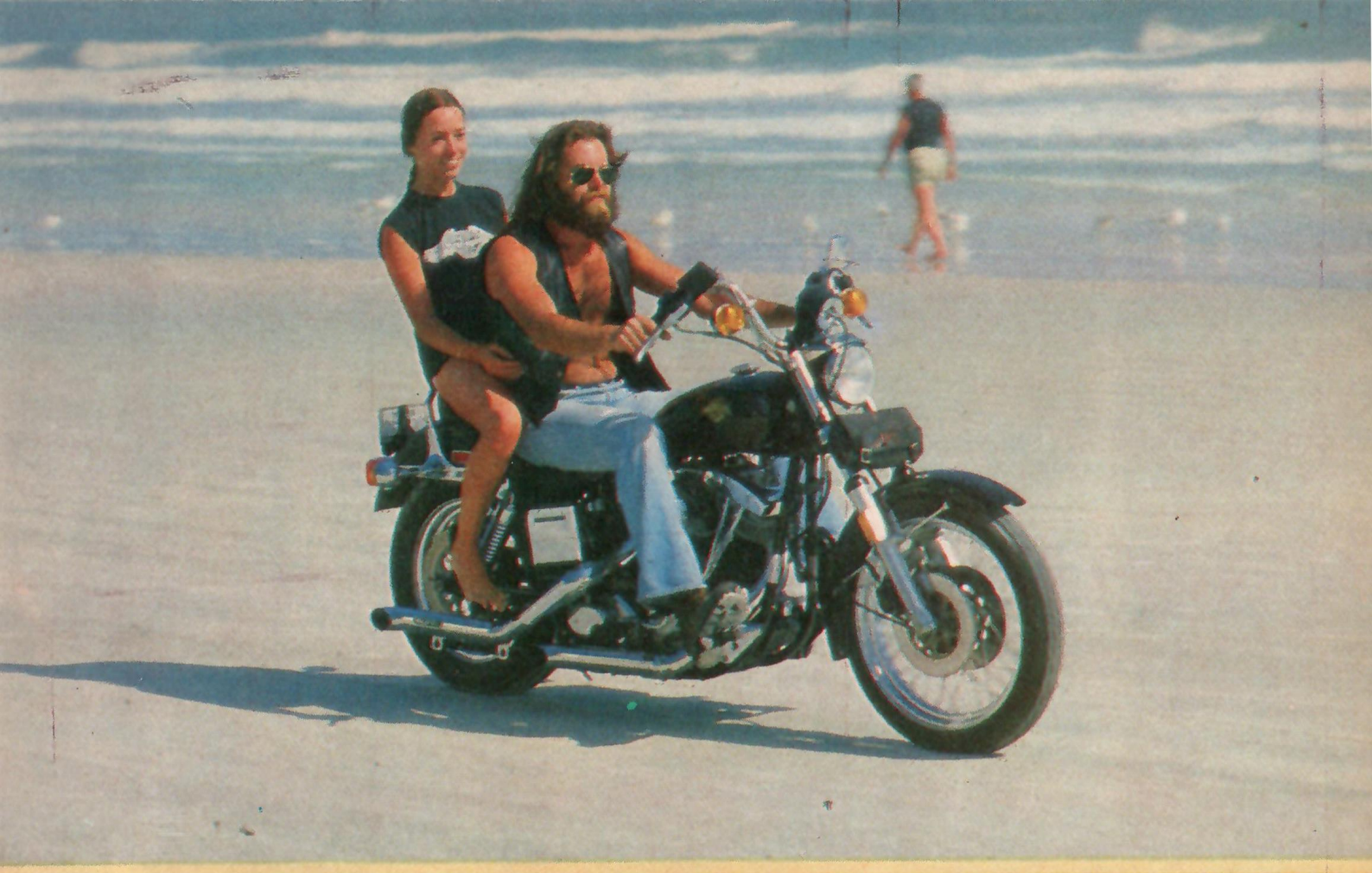
S. Orsillo


CARRIEL '85

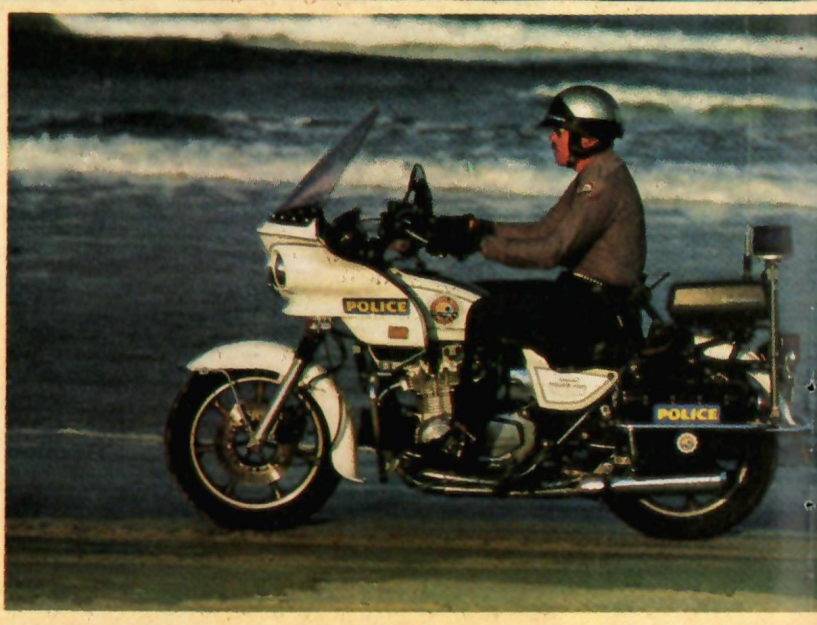
The Bikes Of Daytona '85

Photos By WW

This is what Dayton's all about. Fergit all the ripe, juicy, college chicks bustin the seams of their bikinis, all buttered up and turnin a toasty, golden brown right before yer waterin eyeballs. And fergit all those lip-smackin scooter honeys, poured into their tight, faded jeans and skimpy Harley halters with more moves in their hips than a stroker piston. Just think motorcycles lined fer miles down Main Street, motorcycles glitterin, gleamin, rumblin, quakin, drippin, and snortin, wheelin around the corner, sittin low in the sun, polished like mirrors with the blue sky sunk deep within the chrome. Fergit the two-bit hassles with the cops, and their stupid write ups and "safety" laws. Whaddya expect from a buncha dudes forced to ride ricers amidst a thunderin sea of Harleys? Terminal jealousy over the fact that their departments are too cheap to spring for some custom chopped cop scoots leaves em with no choice but to overcompensate fer their glarin inadequacy—especially when it's hangin out fer all the sweet young things to be unimpressed with. So don't dwell on their chickenshit tickets, just remember howlin Harleys flyin around the Battle of the Twins oval, or a parade of bros profilin at 10 mph down the 20 mile beach front, or 50-year-old sleds looking as squeaky new as the day they rolled outta the factory. But most of all there's the custom, personalized bikes ya see here, as varied and imaginative as their owners. There's probably nothin more borin than gettin off on this righteous parade of color and chrome and then comin upon some stamped out rice-bomb that has all the dynamic individuality of a T.V. dinner. It's like wakin up from a wet dream, it's so depressin. The only cure is to move away from those bone-chillin pseudo-cycles and on to more eagle iron, or pick up a copy of *Iron Horse* and scope out a feature like this one. Either way, ya fergit all the unnecessary frills and distractions—the chicks, the cops, and the moto-bikes, and just remember the motorcycles. Once ya get that down, yer thinkin of Daytona.



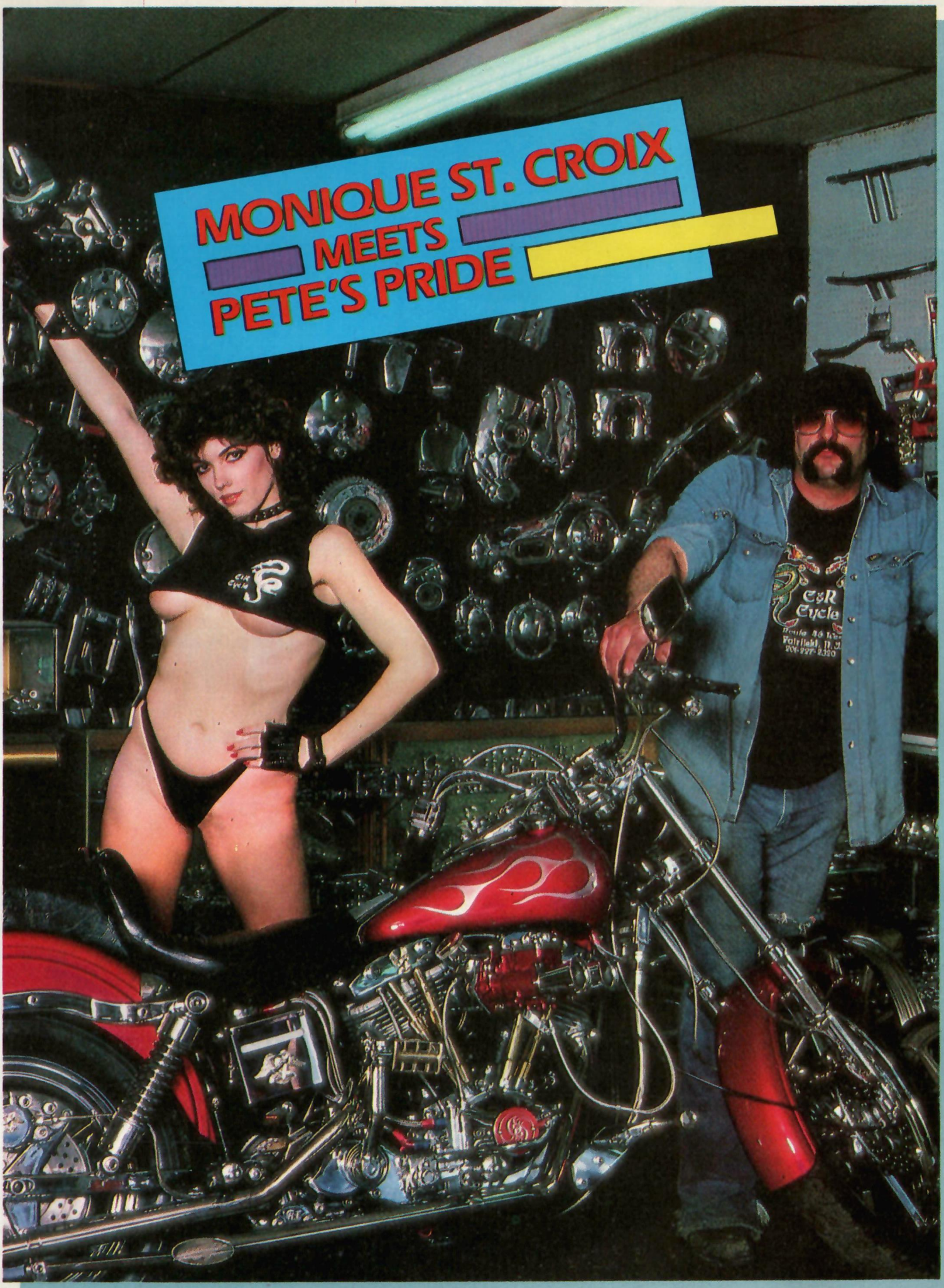
TROPICAL
BAR
PACKAGE STORE
SHARPS


POLICE
POLICE

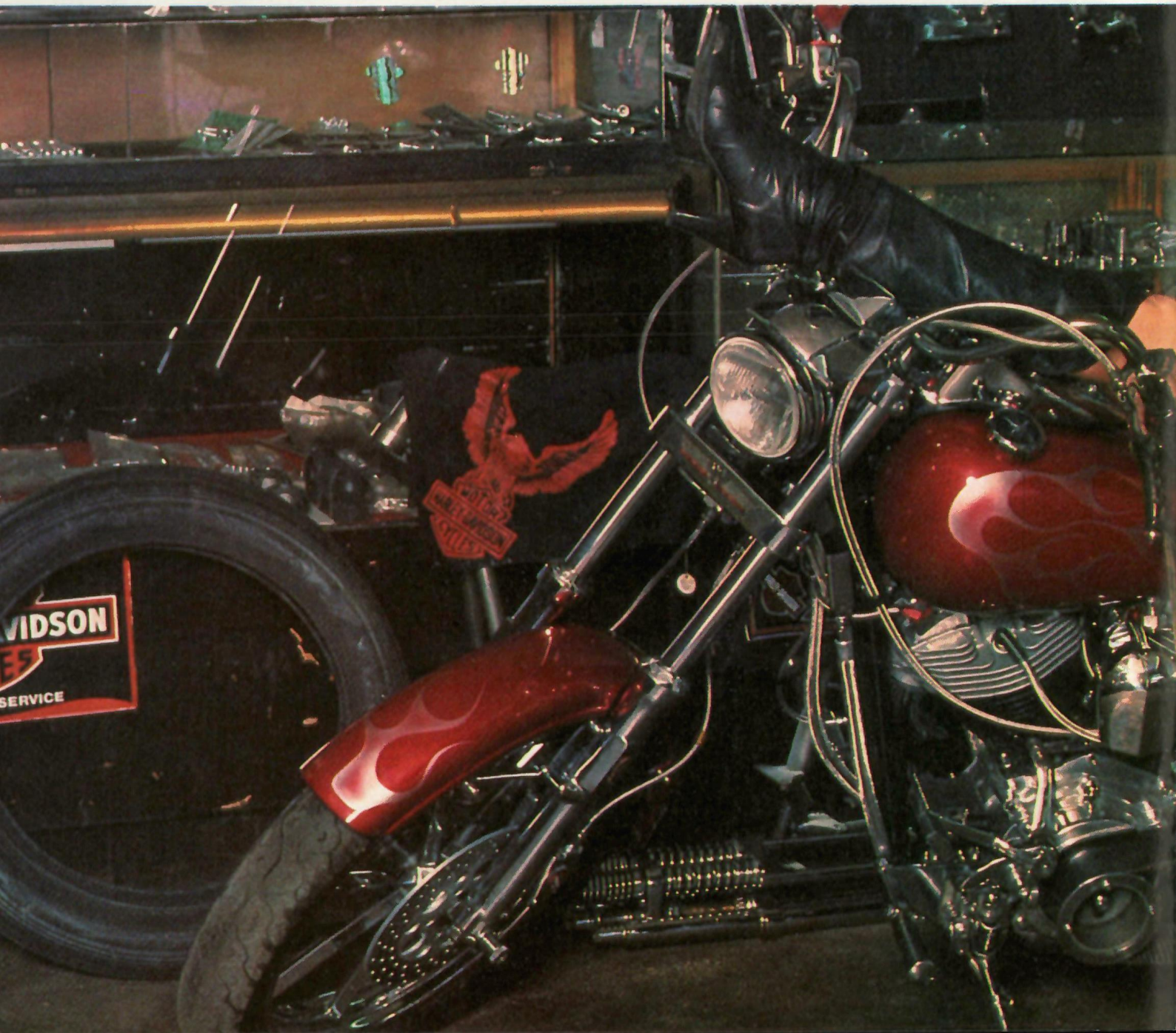
Sportster

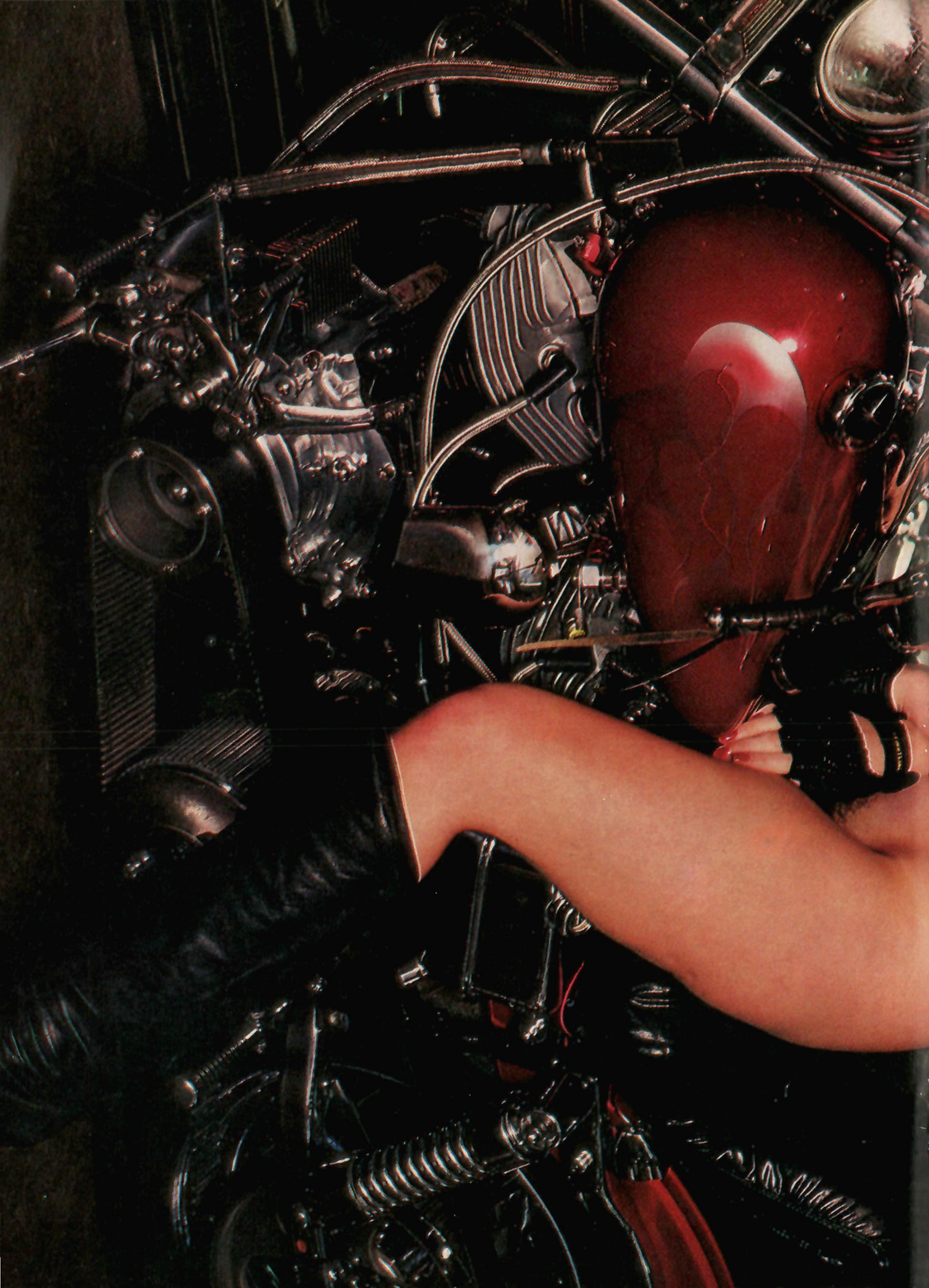
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

PENNWOOD
HOTEL


MONIQUE ST. CROIX
MEETS
PETE'S PRIDE
C&R
Cycle

GENUINE
HARLEY-ASS


VIDSON
SERVICE



DRAGGIN' THE DRAGON!

Jersey's Sweet Street Sporty is Sleek, Slick, and Super-Swif

Story by Snow

Photos by Rocco Di Rico
Shot at C&R Cycle, NJ

Pete Crapelle's 102 in. stroker Shovel has rightfully earned the name Dragon. From its eye-scorchin good looks of its flamin paint job, to its spitfire, tire burnin performance, this 1975 Super Glide is everything that its owner thinks a competent road bike should be. Capable of hittin 150 mph (clocked on radar by his cousin the cop durin an informal speed run), Pete's Dragon is still goin strong fer a ten-year-old bike, a tribute to the integrity built into it by Pee and Milwaukee.

Bought new back in '75, the Super Glide didn't remain stock for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

SPEC SHEET

Name of Bike: Pete's Dragon
Owner: Pete Crapelle
City: Fairfield, NJ

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: 1975 Harley
Model: Super Glide
Value: ???
Assembly by: Owner, C&R Cycle
Chroming by: C&R Cycle

Engine
Year: 1975
Model: FXE
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Electronic
Displacement: 102 cid
Lower End: Rollerized
Balancing: Owner
Pistons: TRW Forged
Cases: Stock
Heads: Ported and polished/Manley valves/ Rollerized rockers
Cam(s): Andrews 6
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): Weber
Air cleaner: Stacks
Pipes: 40" drags
Muffler: No

Frame
Year: 1975
Builder: H-D, Karata swingarm
Type: FX
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: 2" over tubes

Accessories
Bars: Buckhorns
Risers: Stock
Fenders: Stock
Headlight(s): Quartz
Taillight: Stock
Speedo: Antique
Front pegs: C.C.I. O-ring
Rear pegs: C.C.I. O-rings
Electrics: Rewired by owner
Gas tank: 3.5 gal H-D
Oil tank: Stock
Oil system: Lockhart cooler. Hydrostatically balanced oil pump
Primary cover: None
Seat: Corben Gentry pillow seat
Sissybar height: None
Sissybar material: None

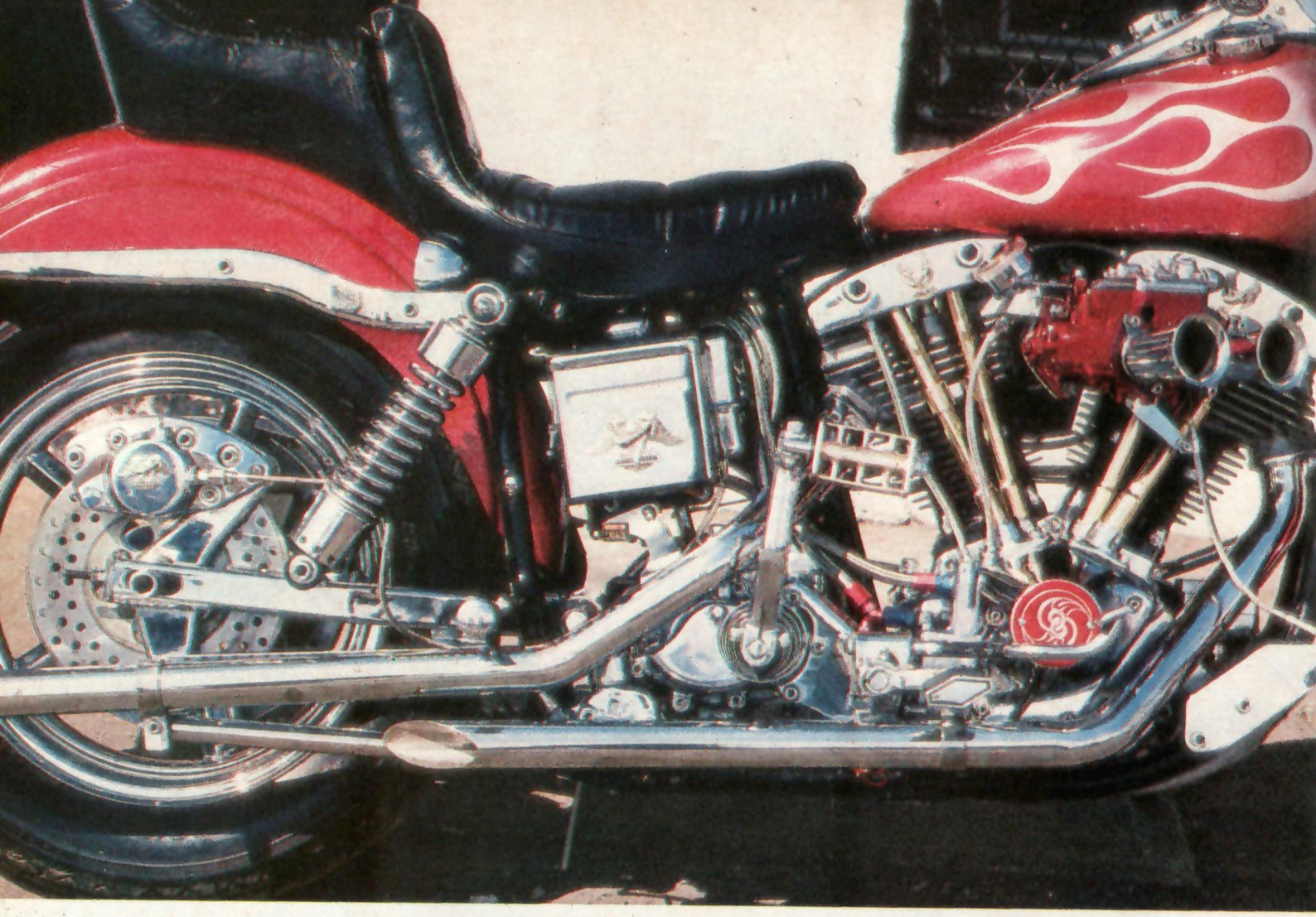
Transmission
Modifications: Andrews
Year: 75
Shifting: Foot

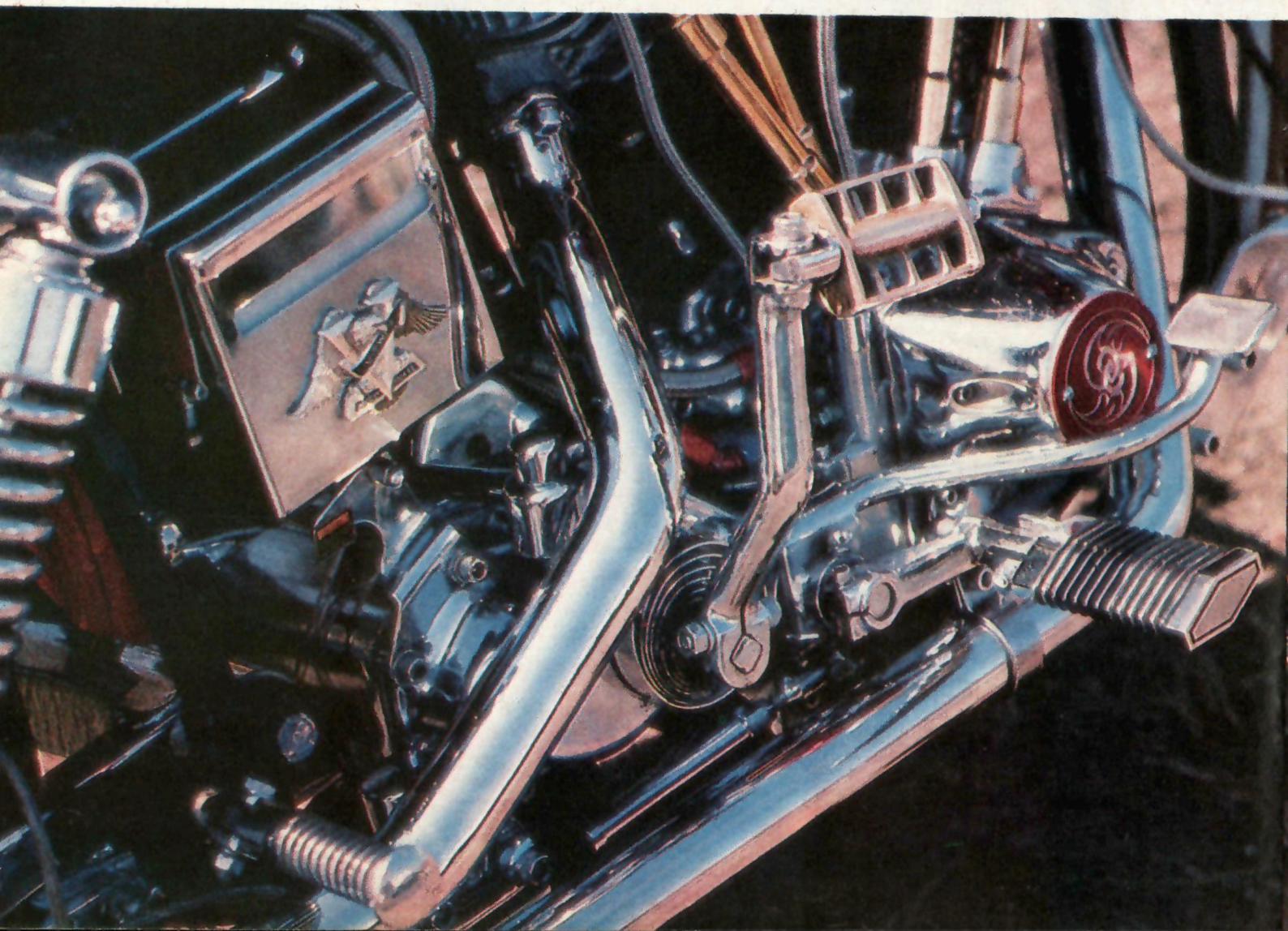
Painting
Molding: None
Painter: Owner
Color: Candy Red
Type: Lacquer/ 2K Clear
Special paint: Flames

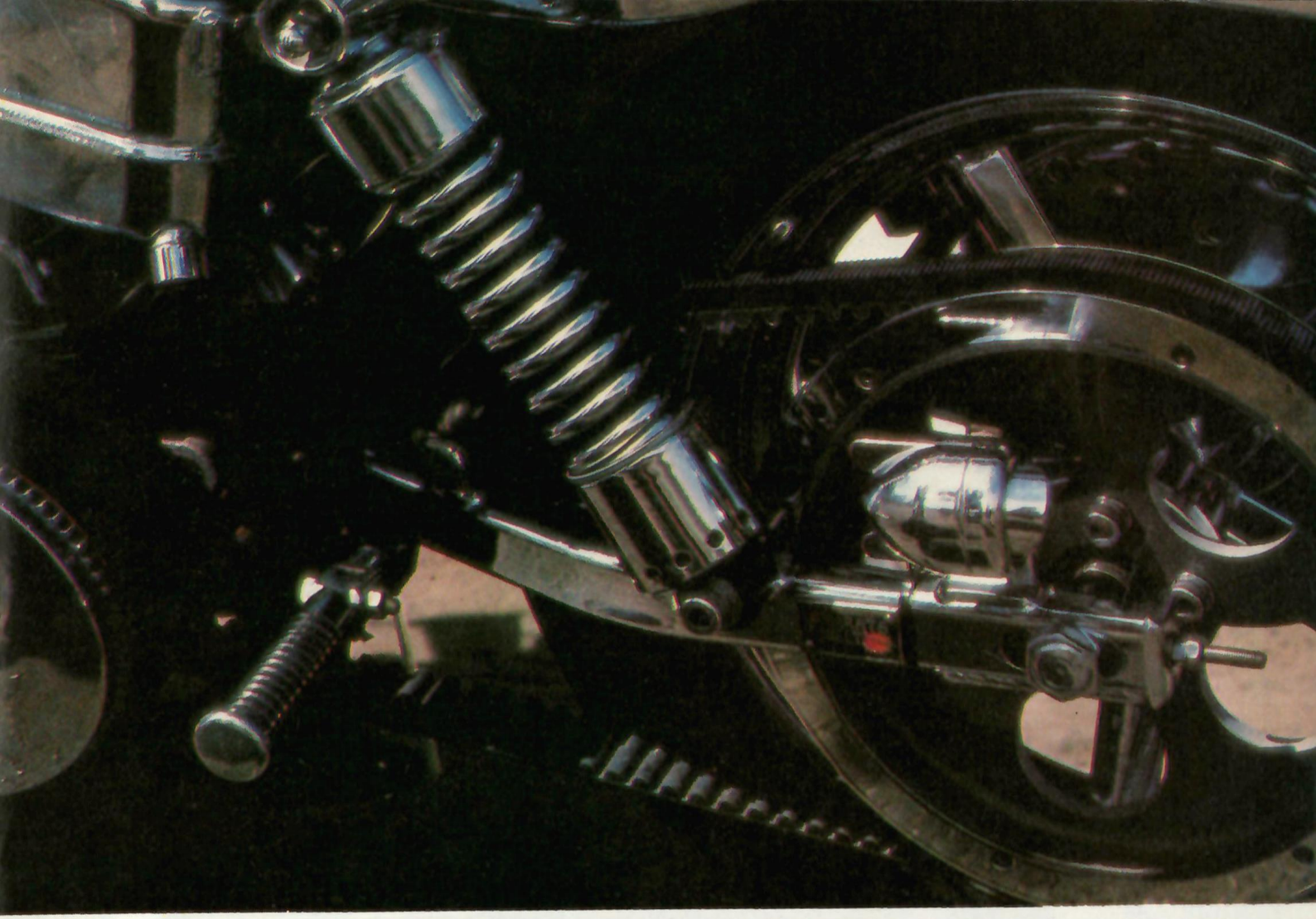
Forks
Type: H-D
Extension: 2" over
Builder: H-D
Special features: Chrome

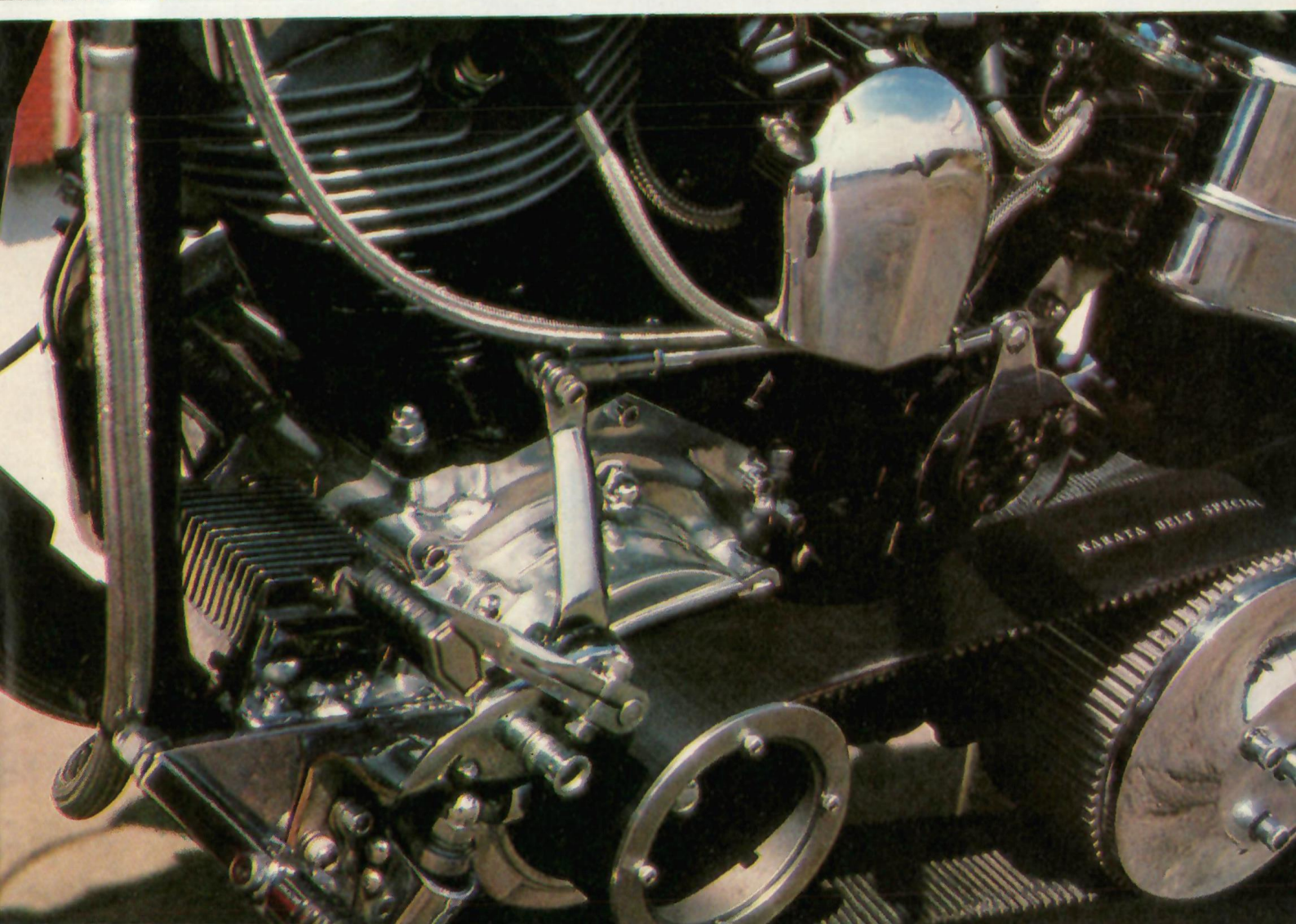
Wheels
Front wheel size: 19"
Rear wheel size: 16"
Front hub: Superspokes
Rear hub: Superspokes
Front rim width: 3.25
Rear rim width: 5.10
Front tire: Dunlop
Rear tire: Dunlop
Front brake: Drilled Meckenite rotors/ H calipers
Rear brake: Drilled Meckenite rotors/ H calipers

Other Special Modificatio
Steel braided oil and brake lines, mainsh moved 1/8" inboard to accomodate dual belts. Special thanks to Ginger.







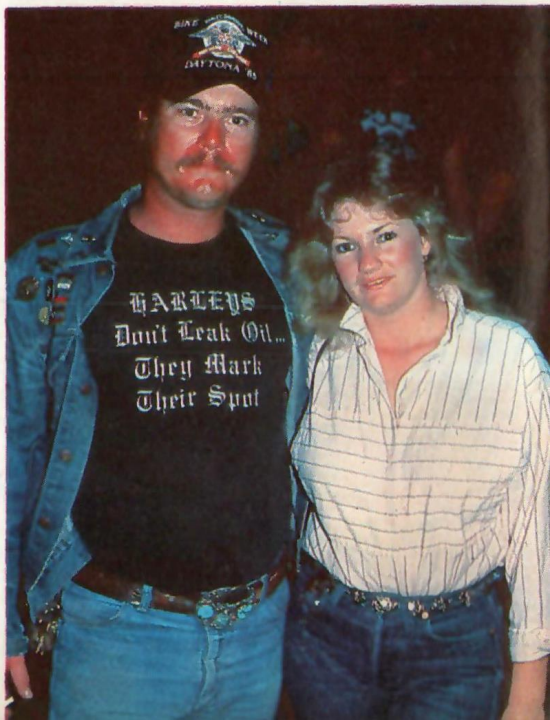

KARATA BELT SPECIAL

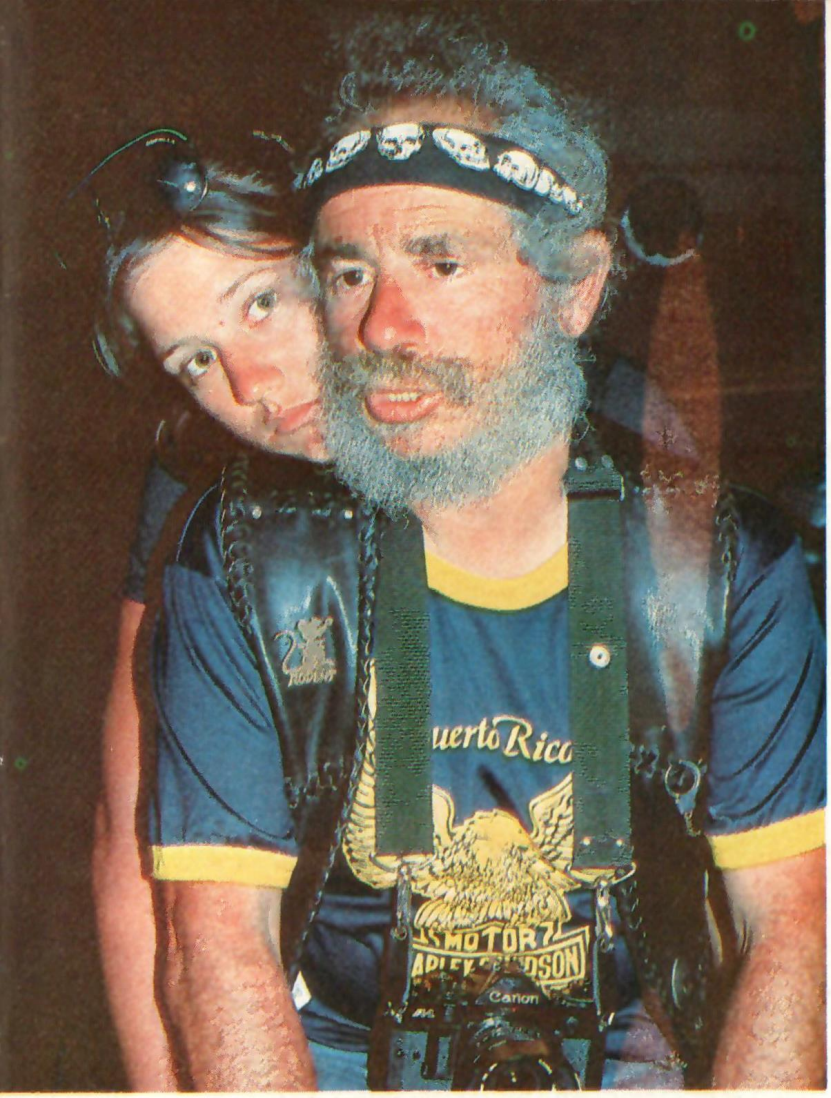
Picture Pat's Daytona People

Photos By Picture Pat Randle

MOTO GUZZI

ZED WEEK
MARCH 7TH - 15TH
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Daytona Beach
Florida


HARLEYS
Don't Leak Oil...
They Mark
Their Spot


MOTOR
Canon

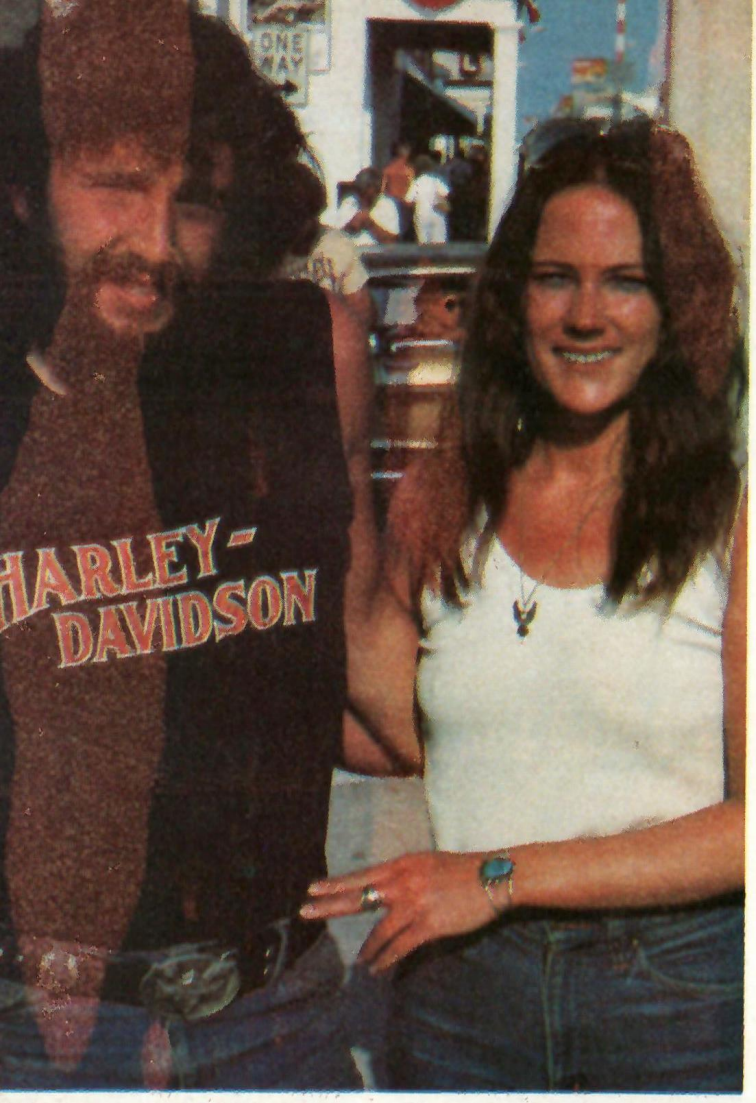
Bike Week
Horse Saloon
MUSTACHE
RIDES

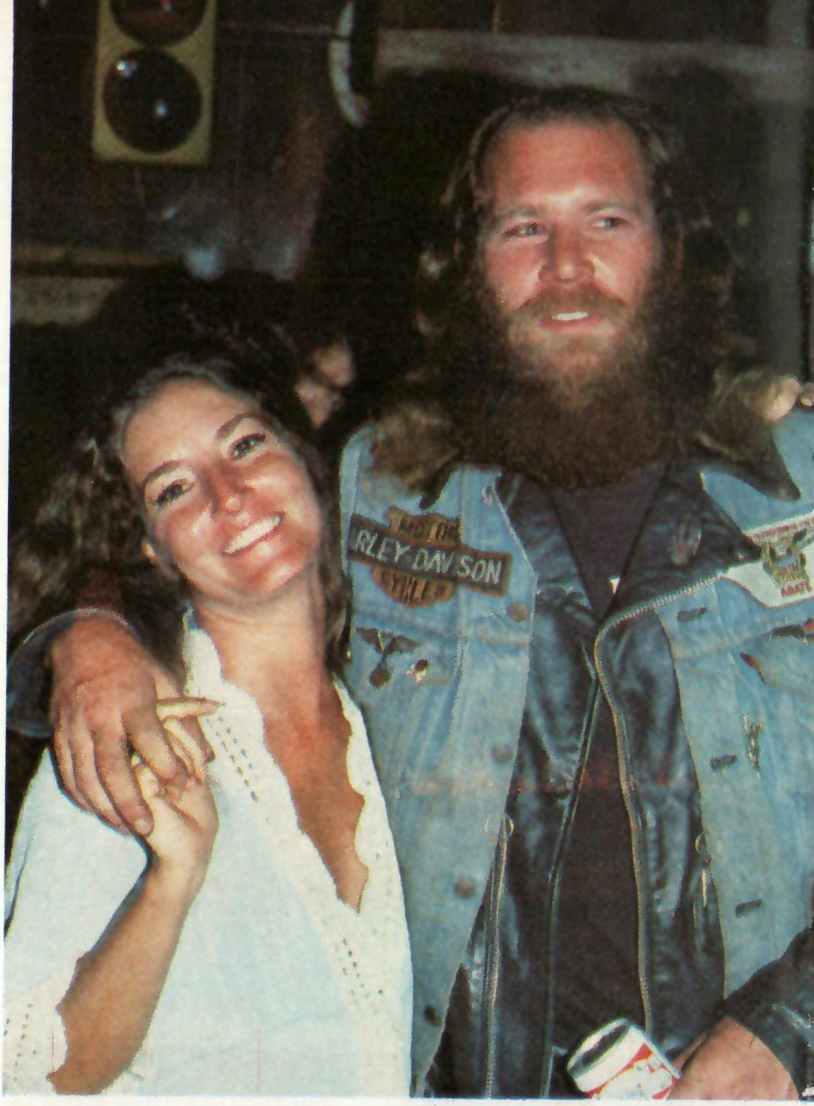
MOTOR
CYCLES

Florida

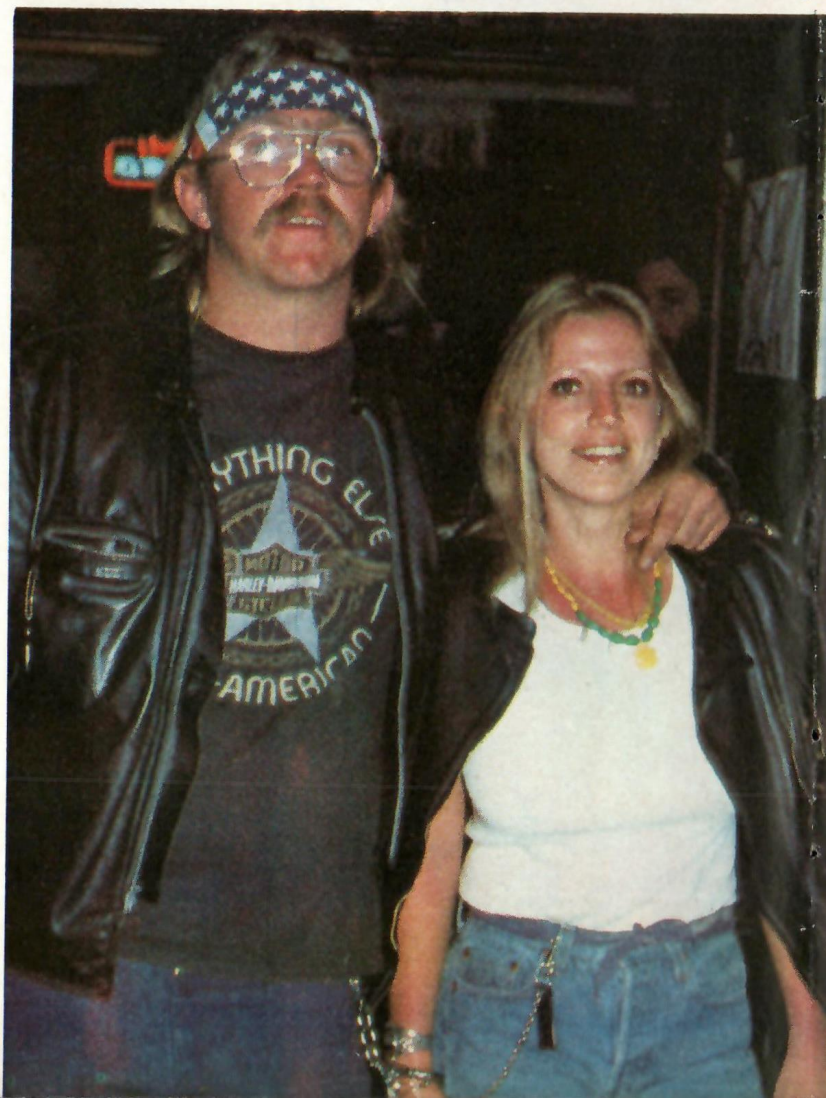
BILLY
Mardi Gras
NEW ORLEANS

GENUINE


HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

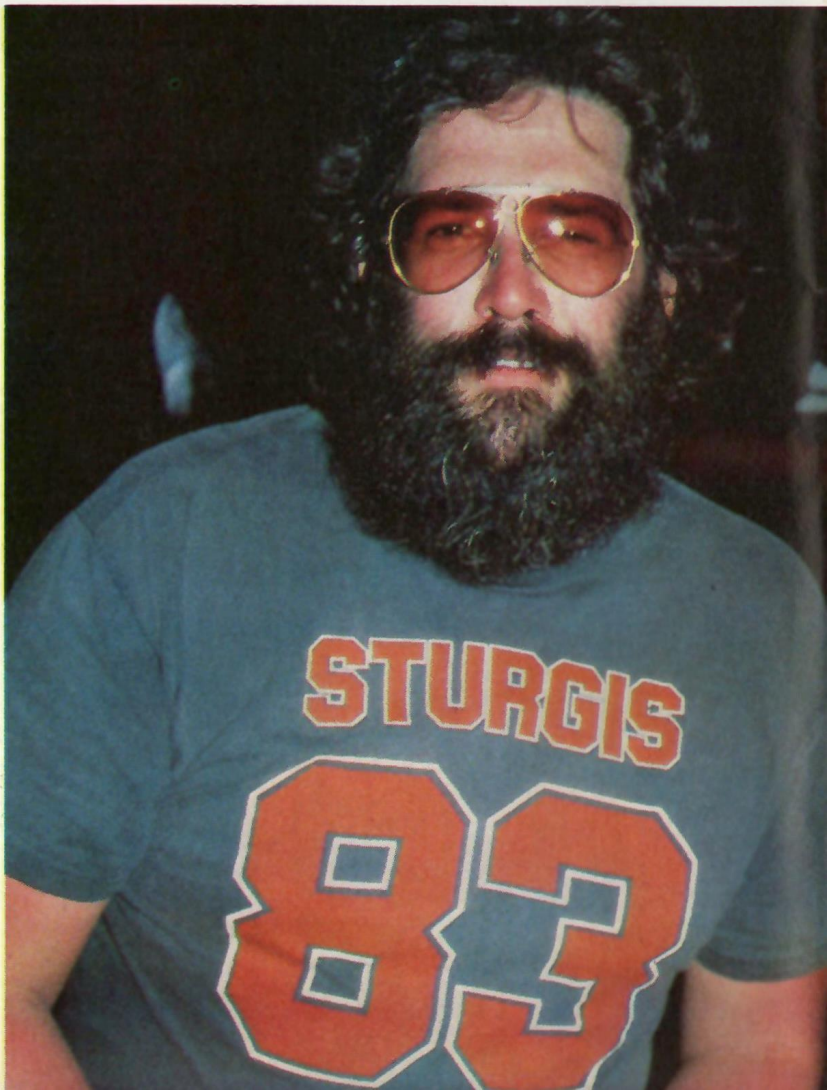

RLEY DAVIDSON

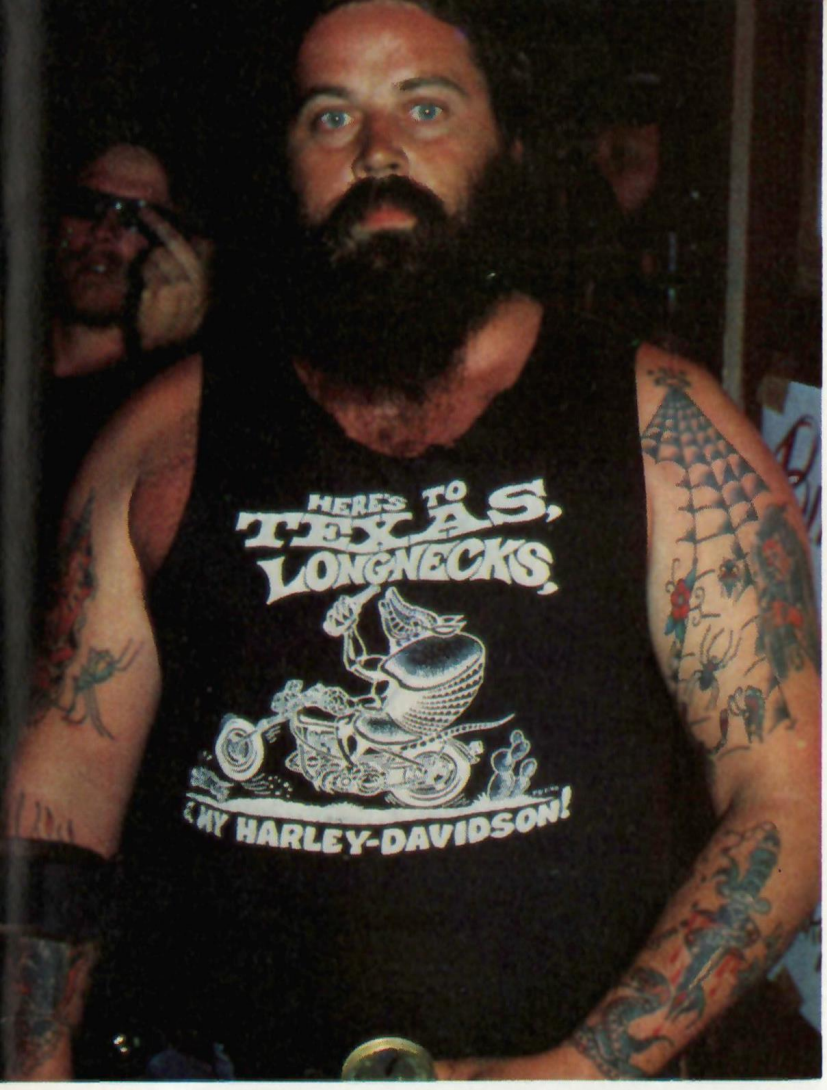
GOLD

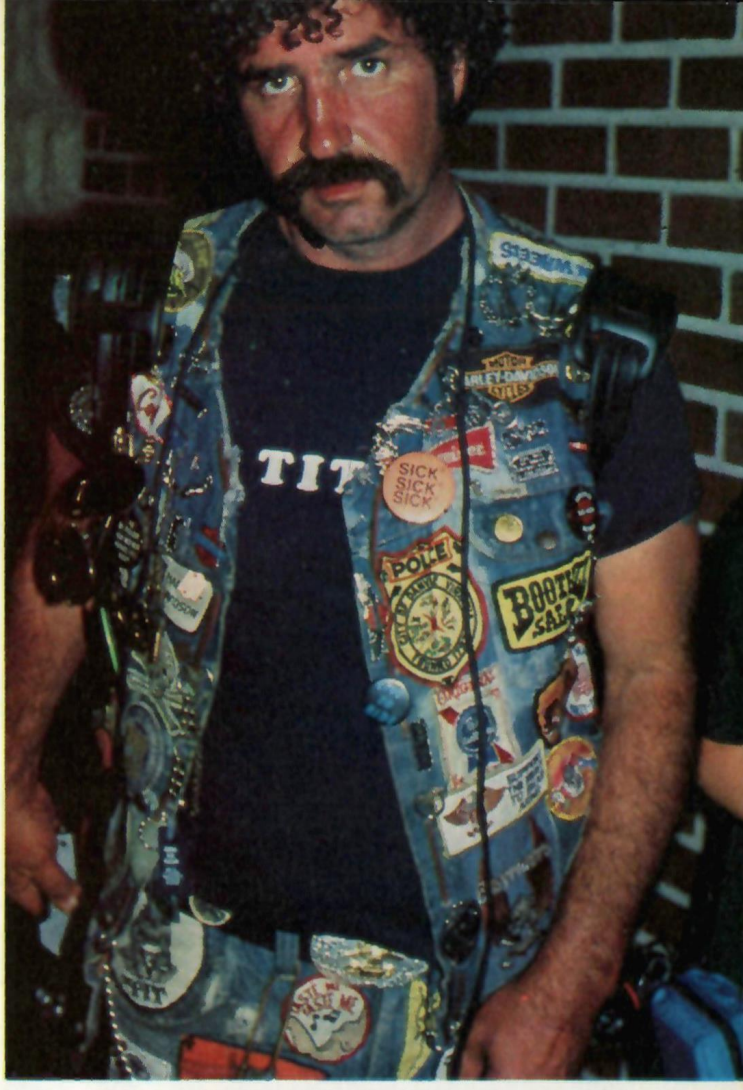

AMERICAN

STURGIS
MOTOR CLASSIC 84
BLACK HILLS
SOUTH DAKOTA
BIKE
WEEK
'83
DAYTONA BEACH,

BIKE
WEEK
'85
DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.


STURGIS
83


HERE'S TO
TEXAS,
LONGNECKS,
MY HARLEY-DAVIDSON!


SICK
SICK
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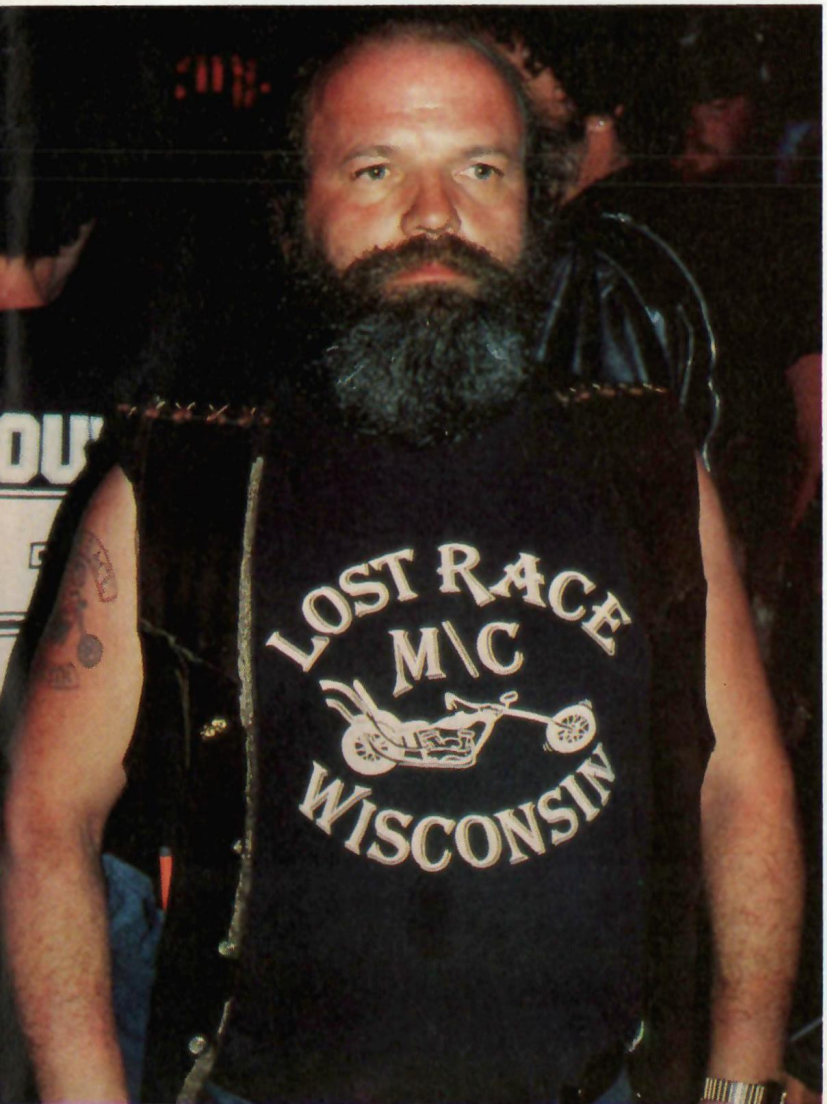
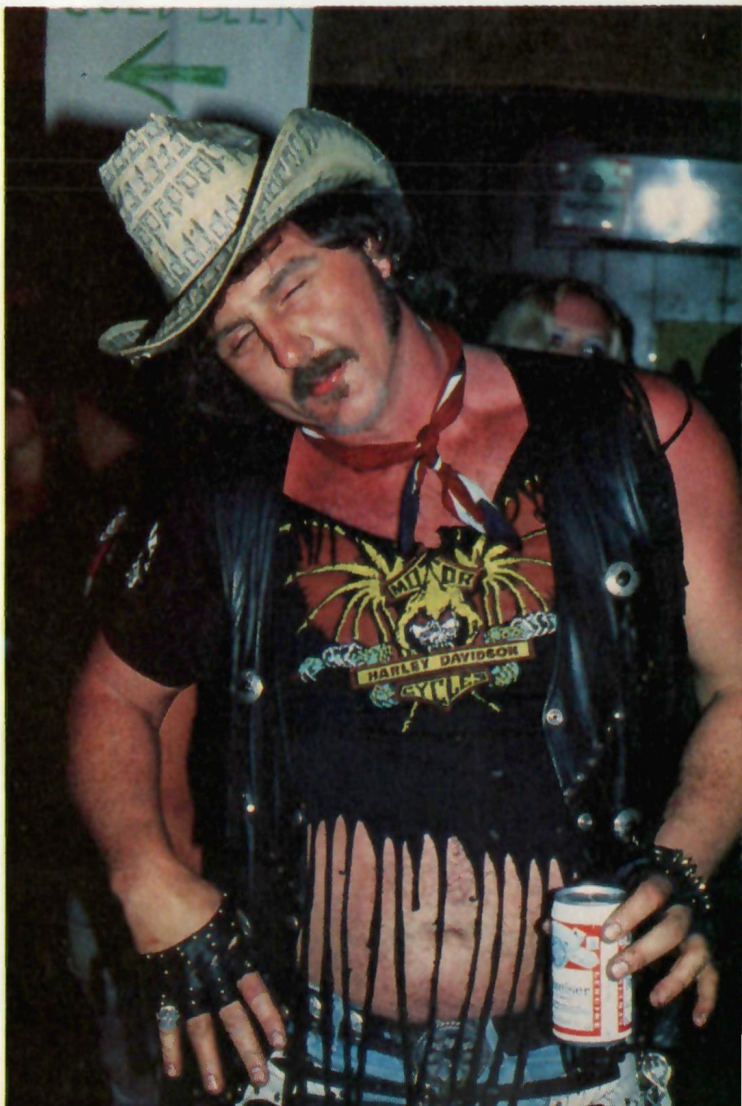
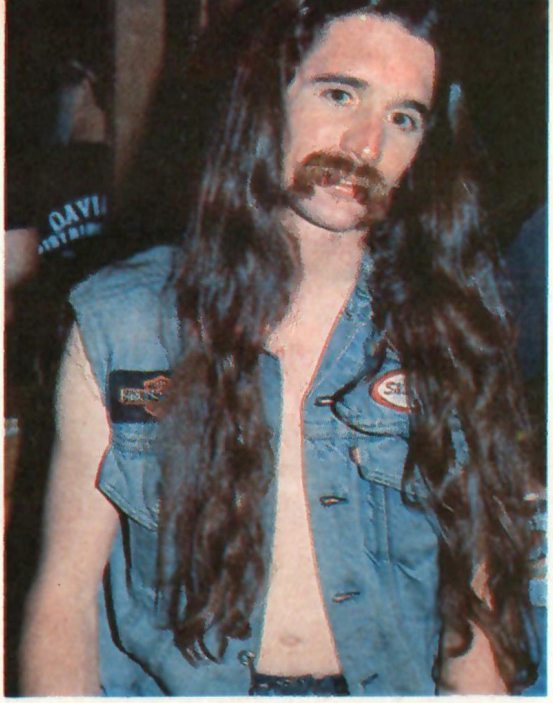
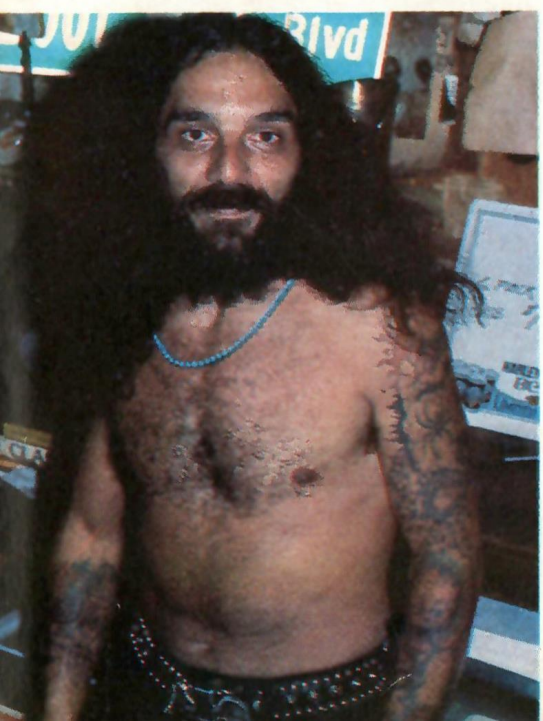
POKE

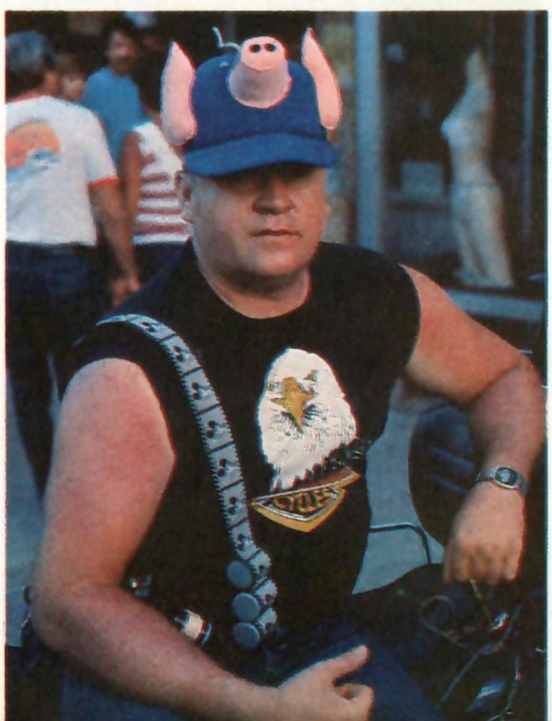

LOST RACE
M/C
WISCONSIN

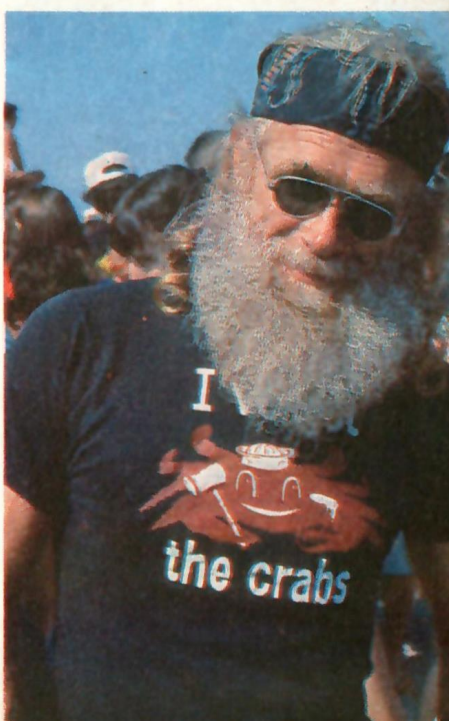

HARLEY DAVIDSON



Coors
Coors
Light
Budweiser





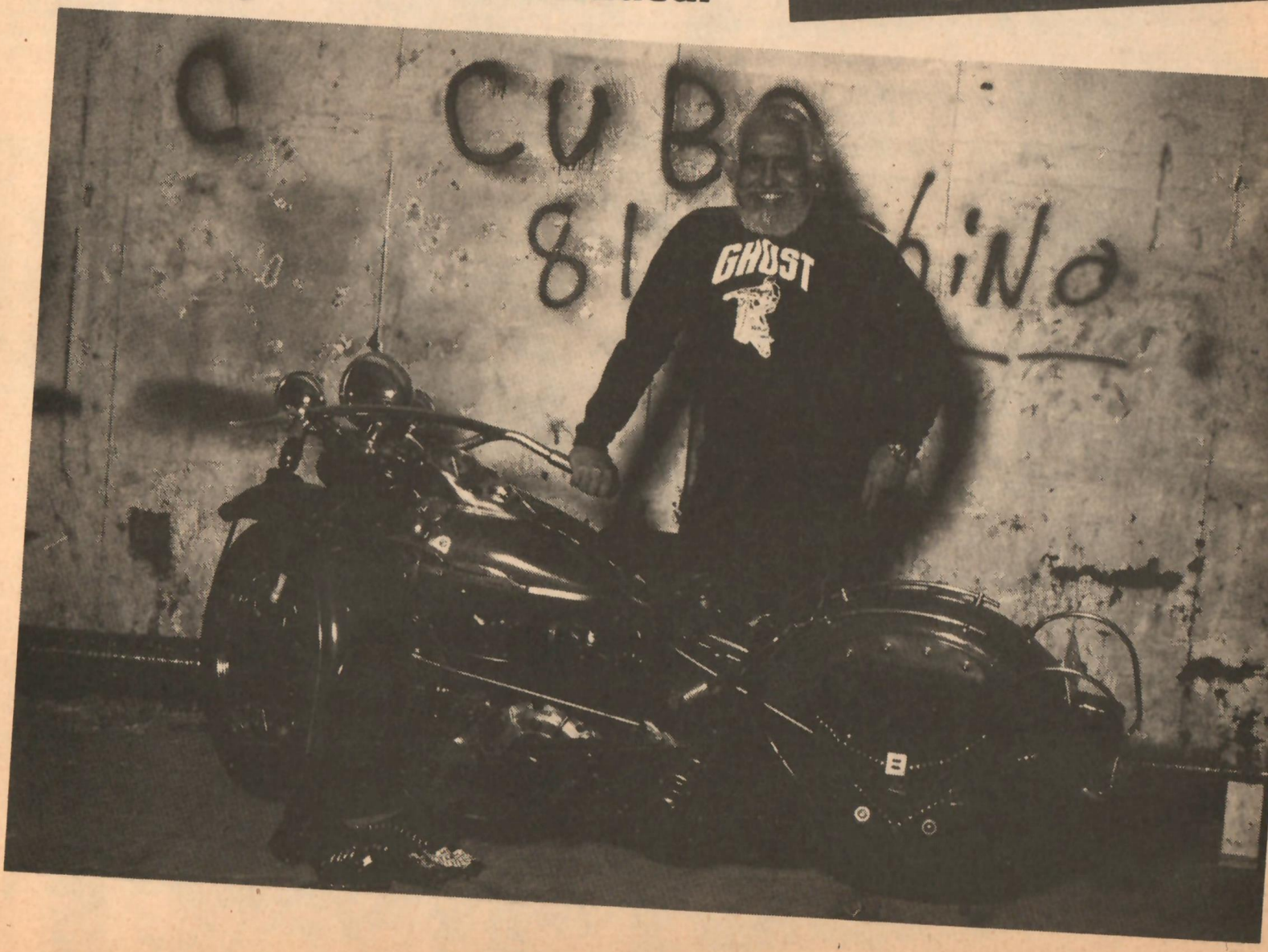

the crabs

BIG
Daddy Rat

Here's a nice-as-new Knuckle that Super Sal from Ghost Motors (1-516-883-5300) is willing to part with. Make him an offer. The girl is Solid Goldie from Massachusetts. Don't make her an offer—she's not for sale. More on her next month.

For Sale '46 Knuck*

***Battery & Girl not included.**



CUBA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

real good on the side of David Corby's head. David Corby was an A-1 asshole who used to follow me around school, tryin to pick a fight with me. Even at the age of nine, I was a big kid, and so was David. That was why he wanted to tangle with me—so he could show all the other kids who was toughest.

Just like it was yesterday, I can remember tossin that tomato up and down in my hand and sayin, Pop, if David Corby gives me any more lip, I'm gonna make him wear this."

Pop frowned and shook his head. "I don't want to hear that kind of talk," he said. "Remember, anybody can get into a fight, but it takes a real man to walk away from one."

All the same, I left that tomato where I could find it later on. It sat in the sun for several days. Then, just about the time it got good and rotten, David started in with his shit again. I took the tomato to school and let David have it—all over his face and shirt. He came at me madder than a wild boar with a fire cracker up its ass, and we tangled in front of about twenty kids. I ended up with a split lip and a black eye. David's caught a crunched nose, a couple of busted teeth, and a broken rib.

I guess that was the beginning of it between the ol man and me. As far as he was concerned, I never did anything right from that day on. He made it clear that he wouldn't back me up if I got into any more fights—no matter who started em. I finally ended up in a reform school a couple of years later cause the scuffles didn't stop.

Flashin back on that day in the garden, when Pop told me it took a "real man" to walk away from a fight, I realized that he'd probably never think of me as any kind of a man at all. I hadn't gotten into any fights lately, but to measure up in Pop's eyes, I'd have to shave my beard, cut my hair, wear a suit, drive a Lincoln Continental, work for a big company, and probably join the Moral Majority on top of it. Since none of that was likely to happen until somebody tied me down and gave me a lobotomy, I decided I'd just make the best of my visit with Ma and then split the next morning.

After Ma had given me the rundown on what she was fixin for supper, she offered to throw my clothes in the washer while I got cleaned up. I told her I was gonna tinker around with the Pan a little first. Since I planned to hit the road early, I wanted to tighten up a few nuts and bolts before it got dark. Ma told me to take my time.

As soon as the ol man and I were alone again, he said, "If you're going to be working on that motor cycle, I think you'd better move it into the street. I don't want it dripping oil on the driveway."

I could tell by his tone that he had about as high a regard for my bike as I had for his set of golf clubs. To him, my Pan was an abomination—a big, greasy eyesore that ought to be banned from the road. He'd never understand how, to me, that bike was poetry; how it was as much a part of me as an arm or a leg. He'd never appreciate all the work I'd put into it, and he'd *sure* as hell never understand what I felt when I rode it.

But there was no use in trying to explain any of that to him, so I just rolled the bike out to the curb without saying anything. Then I got out a couple of tools and went to work on her.

About a half-hour later, when I was satisfied that the bike was in pretty good shape, I went on into the house to get cleaned up. By that time, Ma was settin the table for supper, and the ol man was leanin back in his easy chair, watchin the news on the tube. Everything was exactly the way it had always been. Same ol chair. Same ol T.V. Same ol Stone Face.

I headed into the bathroom and turned on the shower. The scalding hot water felt damn good. I lathered up my hair and beard and scribbed enough dirt off my hide to dam the Colorado River. Then I put on a reasonably clean change of grubs and snuck out the back door to smoke a joint.

When I walked back into the house, I was really feelin mellow. Maybe a little *too* mellow. I even sat down on the living room sofa and tried to strike up a conversation with the ol man. I asked him how things were goin, what was happenin in the stock market, that sort of shit.

He wasn't in a conversational mood, though. All he wanted to do was hassle me some more.

"How can you stand to live the way you do?" he said. "Aren't you ever going to want more out of life?"

I took a deep breath, propped my feet up on the coffee table, and thought it over for a second. A second was all it took.

"Yeah, Pop, I want more out of life—more of the *same*. More long days on the road, like I had today. More nights sleepin out under the stars, sometimes alone, sometimes with a good-lookin chick. More partyin with my friends. To me, that's what livin is all about. I don't ask anybody to pay my way—I work enough here and there to get by—so I figure my life's my own."

His mouth twisted with disgust. "I never thought you'd turn out to be such a complete...disappointment. You could have gone to college. You could have done a lot of things. But you've just thrown all your chances away, let everything go down the drain. You're twenty-seven years old, and what have you got going for yourself? Not a damn thing. Get your feet off the coffee table."

It was the same thing all through supper. I wish I could say that I didn't give a flying fuck what he thought of me—that I didn't *care* enough to get pissed off. But I'd be lyin if I said that. He was pissing me off so much that I was gettin a knot the size of a fist in my stomach.

I finally put my fork down and told Ma I'd had enough to eat. She got up right after I did and followed me into what used to be my old bedroom.

"Where are you going?" she asked, when she saw me puttin on my jacket.

"Out," I answered. "I'm gonna take a ride."

She walked over and put her hand on my shoulder. "You know, Gordy," she said softly, "your father doesn't mean everything he says."

"Yeah, he does, Ma. He means everything he says and more."

Ma was silent for a moment. Then, suddenly, she looked so depressed that I couldn't think of anything else to do but put my arms around her.

"Someday, Ma," I said, "you're just gonna have to face it. We're never gonna be the close, happy

family you always wanted."

I could feel her shaking a little bit in my arms. 'Maybe..."She choked and started again. "Maybe, Gordy, if you could try to be—I don't know—a little more understanding of your father's way of seeing things. I know you and he are different, but ..."

"Ma," I cut in, "don't you see? Pop can't *take* my being different." I stood back and looked at her. "Accordin to Pop's way of seeing things, I'm *wrong* cause I'm different. 'Cause I'm not like him. I didn't spring out of the mold quite the way he expected, and he can't forgive me for that."

Ma's eyes were killin me, they looked so innocent. Fuck, I thought, how come she has to get caught in the middle of this?

She swallowed and said, "Your father has a lot of good qualities, Gordy. Maybe you've overlooked them."

I shrugged. "Maybe I have. Maybe someday I'll see something that I don't see now. But I got my life to live today, and I'm gonna keep on livin it just the way I've *been* livin it." Ma sighed and started to leave the room. Then she turned in the doorway and said, "If you get back late, there's a key under the rubber plant on the front porch."

"Thanks, Ma." As she nodded and started to walk away again, I added, "Oh, Ma?"

"Yes?"

"I love you a lot, you know."

She smiled as her eyes brimmed over. "I love you a lot, too, Gordy."

After puttin around town for an hour or so, I finally stopped at a bar that had a bunch of choppers parked out front. As soon as I walked into the place, my bummed-out state of mind turned into an instant high. The sight of all those cut-off Levi jackets and tough, weathered faces did my heart good. There were some decent chicks in the place, too. Before long, I was guzzlin drinks, makin new friends, and havin a great time.

The only problem was, I over-did it with the booze—and hours later, when I was stumbling around the front porch, lookin for the goddamn rubber plant, I felt something like a vise take hold of my guts. I puked booze and sour lasagna all over the porch, and when I finally managed to get into the house, I barely made it to the shit can in time to avoid messing up Ma's cream-colored carpet in the hall.

That was the last thing I remember doin that night—kneelin on the bathroom floor, huggin the porcelain god, something I hadn't done since I was 14. I don't know how I made it into my old bedroom, but that was where I found myself when a loud, hammering sound woke me up the next morning.

Shit, I thought, *the lawn mower! Same ol noise, just like when I was a kid.* I sat up and squinted out the window to see what kind of a day it was gonna be. I was hungover as hell, but I figured I could be on the road by late morning, especially if the weather was decent.

Well, the weather looked great, but when I saw my scoot gettin a shower from the sprinkler that the ol man had set in the flower bed by the curb, a hurricane ripped through my brain. Chargin through the house and out the front door, I yelled, "Hey, man, what are you tryin to do—fuck up my goddamn electrical system?"

I picked up the sprinkler and sent it flyin across the lawn. The ol man shut off the mower and stared at me.

"Just what the fuck were you tryin to prove?" I said, walking up to him.

"I think you'd better calm down and watch your language," he said evenly. "This is a respectable neighborhood."

"Fuck your respectable neighborhood!" I shouted. "That's a respectable *bike* that you just about drenched with that friggin sprinkler!"

"I said watch your language."

"Hey, man, don't tell me how to talk. I'll talk any goddamn way I *feel* like talkin."

"Not on my property, you won't!" Suddenly losing his cool, he turned several shades of purple. "And let me tell you something, *else* you won't do again. You won't come staggering into my house at three o'clock in the morning, leaving your vomit all over the front porch like some kind of an animal."

Looking straight into the deep freeze of his eyes, I said, "Fuck you, man."

Our gazes locked for a second. Then, all at once, something snapped in both of us. He came at me first and landed a powerful right to the middle of my face. I'd never realized that he had it in him, but I didn't waste any time bein surprised. Forgetting that he was my ol man—forgetting that he was anybody but a low-life scum who deserved a thorough ass-beatin—I let him have it. Before either of us knew what had happened, he was flat on his back, his nose a fountain of blood.

I wanted to finish him off. At that moment, I didn't care if I ended up on death row for patricide—I just wanted to kill the sonuvabitch. But when I saw him spittin a tooth out, my rage subsided into nausea. I suddenly felt sick and cold all over.

Extending my hand, I said, "Let me help you up, man."

"Just get out of my sight," Pop muttered.

"I plan to," I said. "I'll get out of your sight once and for all, if that's the way you want it. But give me your gaddamn hand and let's at least make a show out of bein civilized, or else Ma's never gonna put this scene out of her mind until the day she dies."

As he held his hand out, I helped him up and gave him my bandana for his nose. By that time, Ma was runnin out of the house in tears.

"It's all right, Ma," I said, with my hand on the ol man's arm. "Pop's just gonna need a little dental work."

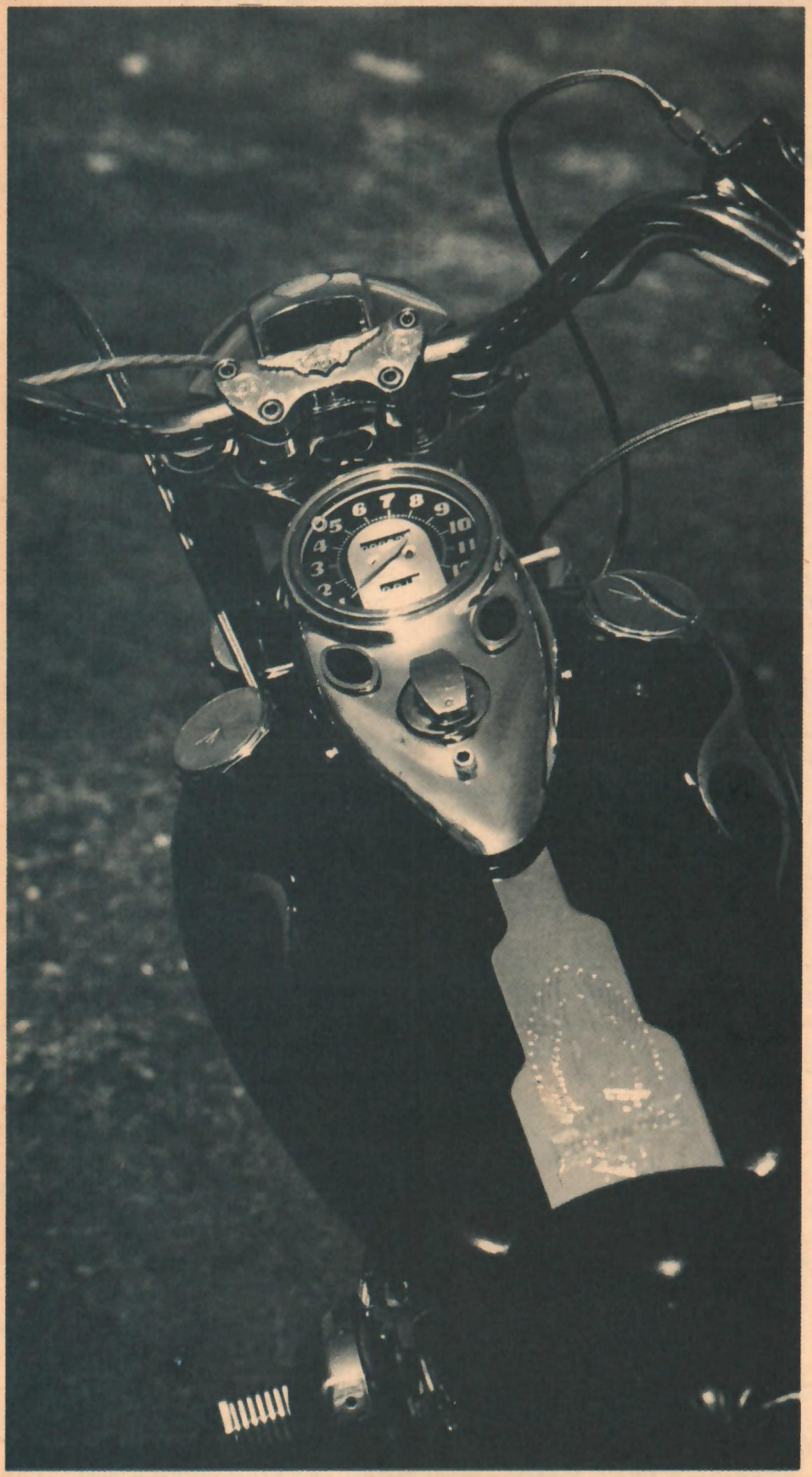
"How could you do this to your own father, Gordy?" Ma wept.

"My face is bleedin, too, Ma."

It looked like Pop might need some stitches, so Ma took him to the hospital for a check-up. I thought about waitin for them to get back, so Pop and I could straighten things out, but somehow I knew it wouldn't do any good. If there was anything to straighten out, I'd have to do it on the road, in my own mind. So I washed my face, locked up the house, and carried my gear out to the bike. Good ol hog—she fired up on the second kick. I blipped the throttle a couple of times, just for the sheer pleasure of hearin her sing, and fifteen minutes later, we were roarin down the Interstate. When I felt the wind whippin through my hair again, I knew things were gonna be all right...if only I could find a strip of freeway that went far enough. □

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

long. After ridin it out to California and back ("when I was young, dumb, and full of cum"), Pete decided to make the first in a long series of changes on it, startin with a set of fatbobs which hardly anybody was runnin on custom scoots at that time. Those changes didn't stop until four years ago, when the Shovel was exactly where Pete wanted it.



"It's a road bike—it's not radically chopped or crazy. I can get on it any time I want and ride. If I'm workin on em all day long, I don't want the aggravation, I wanna get on it and go. So I basically left it stock lookin, and let's just say I improved the design."

Sufferin only a broken clutch cable, a flat tire, and a burned out headlight on that West Coast ride, the Harley, especially it bein an undeservedly maligned AMF hog, probably performed better than most people would've thought. You know, the types who've never sat on a Harley in their lives, and only know what they've been told by the pro-Jap bike mags, and by their brother-in-law, Floyd, who was always bein stranded by his Harley (which still had the original oil filter) cause he stored it under the sap-drippin maple tree, and only rode it once a month to the Tastee-Freeze, and only then when the temperature was at least 75 degrees. Yeah, those're the types who'll never know what it means to ride a righteous runnin hog day in, day out, becomin attuned to the machine's mannerisms, and developin that relationship with the cycle that makes one a biker. Pete, who owns C&R Cycle of Fairfield, NJ, knows the real truth about Harleys from first-hand experience, not hearsay.

"A Harley will last forever if you take halfway decent care of it. I work on some full dressers from '65, '66, and they're all still runnin strong with over 90,000 miles on the clock. I do the top ends, the routine kind of thing, but otherwise the machines don't break anything, and all ya have to do is replace the chains, tires, clutches, and seals. If ya don't want to spend the time to read the service manual and tinker a little, and deal with things intelligently, you're fucked. Some people are just technically incompetent, they can't turn a wrench, or they mount their drag pipes to the swingarm. Those guys should just have a stone stock bike and never touch it, and only have it serviced by the shop."

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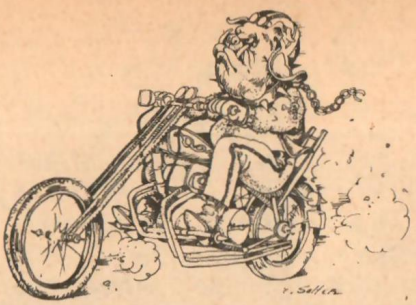

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So, it's probably a good thing that Floyd got rid of his Harley (sold it to a bro who's got it in a hardtail, running like a watch), and got the latest die-cast H-D clone from Japan, with its special, plastic-sprayed rust proof coating, lightweight cheese alloy frame, and hermetically sealed engine, all of which depreciated 75% when he rode it off the lot. But what's he gonna do next week when the newest whiz-bang models come out with the latest glitch? Sell his bike to the other space cadets who only want the New Glitch models? Trade up? We know what he shoulda done....

"Ya get a Harley, ya personalize it, and ya hang on to it. Jap bikes wear out, they're throwaways. You make a $3000 investment then ya go back to the dealer a year later and the guy gives ya $700 trade in. If yer gonna spend any money nowadays ya gotta buy speculatively. You've gotta ask yourself if yer gonna take a beatin if ya have to dump it. There are very few things that ya can invest in and get back an 80% return. A Corvette is one and a Harley is another."

Goin from Harleys in general to Pete's in particular, you'll notice that the Dragon runs a dual belt set up. This is especially unique since the 3" Karata primary belt can't be used with their rear belt drive unit. They told Pete that it couldn't be done, but that only inspired him. It was a real headache, involvin some trick mainshaft work along with the hassle of boltin and unboltin the components in the frame to get em lined up. But seein as how these are the original belts, and have served four year's duty on a stroker motor, it's evident that Pete was completely successful in matin the tough Karata units on the same bike. (Of course, the 1½" and the 2 Karata primary belts will work with their rear drive—Pete was just bein ornery with the 3")

He doesn't do everything the hard way, but when he does it's the customer of C&R Cycle who benefits from his experience. Every product sold by C&R has been tried out by Pete or by one of his staffers. That way he knows exactly what the part will do, its advantages and disadvantages, and he can present these pros and cons to the customer. As Pete says, "I don't want anything I sell to come back through the window." His concern for the customer stems from his own, sometimes unpleasant dealins with less than reputable custom shops.

"I was on the other side of the counter for a real long time, and I was in a lot of places, and I got ripped in a lot of places. When yer young, ya walk in and see all the chrome stuff and go blind. Just because there's a guy behind the counter doesn't mean he knows what he's talkin about. There's a lot of shops where a guy says, Well, I wanna open up a bike shop—then he has maybe 30,000 40,000 bucks—and he opens up a shop. He reads what it says in the catalogs and says, 'They tell me it's good, so I'm telling you it's good.' He don't have to be a machinist, but it's a plus, If a guy brings in a set of barrels and pistons' I can mike em up. I don't say, 'Well, I'm not sure, so buy a new set of pistons." I can tell em that all they need are rings. Like I said, I don't want any shit returned through my front window."

Most of the bikes that come out of C&R are like the Dragon—big, powerful, swingarm road bikes that function flawlessly, with little of the radical look on them. Pete had his taste of radical chops, but found them to be impractical in a couple of important areas. Back when he first started ridin, his bike ran a 21" over springer and the rest of the excesses of the early chopper scene. However, with the cops sittin in front of his house like vultures ready to swoop down on him any time he left the driveway, well, the radical thrill quickly waned. That, plus the fact that the dreaded Jersey potholes don't treat long front ends with the respect they deserve, steered Pete toward a more stock lookin bike—but certainly not stock performin. It's what he calls an East Coast bike.

"Around here you only get four or five months of ridin time, so yer bike's gotta run perfect—ya can't be down for a coupla weeks. So people in my area, when they build a bike they make it look real nice, but it's also real productive. It's not radical cause ya gotta ride the thing every day, and since the roads suck, ya gotta run a swingarm in most cases. Ya just can't afford to have yer bike down fer a month or so, which leads me to believe that mechanically, the bikes on the East Coast are better than the West Coast. Since ya can ride year round over there, whaddya wanna take yer bike down for? Ya wait til it's all worn out and won't go no more, then ya take it apart. So the philosophies are different, and there should never really be a comparison between the East and

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Special Thanks Section: Ted and the boys at V-Twin Mfg., Tina at Drag Specialties, Sean at Custom Chrome Inc., and to Ginger for her patience, understanding and support.

Dragon In Distress

Monique St. Croix, the luscious damsel ya see snuggled around the Dragon here, is definitely in no danger of being crisped cause she's tamed the beast with her own serpentine profile. And she's has got the red-hot mutha purrin like a kitty cat. So any of you bros out there with chivalrous tendencies can just fergit those ideas about rescuin her and takin the Dragon's place. He's liable to sneeze some fire and brimstone outta those straight pipes and roast yer nuts into hardboiled eggs. Just sit back and cool out on the fact that this ain't the last you'll see of Monique, since she's an aspirin actress, and a protege of Raven Delacroix who's graced the pages of *Iron Horse* herself once or twice before. So keep yer eyes peeled for Monique and remember where ya saw her first!

HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

citizen would consider bad). The amazin result is that bikers emerge as real human beings with hearts that'll bleed if ya run over em. The positive qualities of acceptance, loyalty, independence and pride are highlighted as the flick portrays a biker's eye view of the world, that values these traits over superficial appearances. Thus Rocky is completely accepted by the bikers who look beyond the appearances valued so much by the straight world, cause within the subculture a person's true colors are a lot more important than whether they wear a deformed face or a $50 haircut. In a surprise twist, it's the conventions of straight society that are shown to be fucked up, not those of the bikers.

Technically, the movie is pretty accurate. Although the motorcycle club, the Turks, is fictional, it represents an amalgam of several Southern California bike clubs, rolled into one for obvious reasons. Bogdonavich researched all existing and past clubs to make sure that the name "Turks" and the patch he designed had not been previously used. Also, real bikers are used for the bit parts instead of the usual extras decked out in wigs, bandanas, and Harley regalia and mounted on Jap dirtbikes. The hogs are all genuine Harley-Davidson and the main actors cast in the biker roles, like Sam Elliot, do all their own ridin. Bikers are shown in such diverse activities as goin on blood runs, working on their scoots, partyin, blastin around with open pipes, gettin loaded, tootin and in general deliverin a healthy slice of the lifestyle to the audience, which after seein all that, still applauds the flick's heroes at the end—Rocky, Rusty, the loud Harleys and the outlaws who ride them.

That's a real leg wetter when ya think about it. Dig it, the audience, which had probably watched some hack Hollywood script writer's delusion of a biker get trashed by the Fall Guy the night before, now finds itself rootin fer the bikers against the straight world. The point is really driven home by a poem written by Rocky, which is quoted a coupla times durin the film. It lists "a ride on a Harley" under the title "These Things are Good." Now how many times have ya heard that on T.V. or in the movies? Damn few, that's fer sure.

This kinda turnaround is provin to be too much fer some traumatized critics who just can't believe it in the face of everything they've been told about bikers by people who don't know shit

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about em in the first place. They gripe about the believability of bikers "acting like Santa's elves" with a cynical snicker, and this is from fuckers whose only exposure to bikers has been through the stereotypes presented by the media. They already "know" the truth (would Clint Eastwood lie?) so why should they bother with evidence to the contrary? It's easier to hang onto a secure set of proconcieved notions than it is to go through all the trouble of havin to think a little bit and maybe modify yer viewpoint. This is exactly the kind of prejudice that the movie takes issue with, and in doing so, gives bikers the fairest shake they've ever received in the media, from comics (see this issue's Back Talk), to T.V. to movies.

After all the crap that's been spewed out about bikers lately, it's a miracle that this flick ever got made. Who would've thought that a flick featurin bikers as the good guys would've ever gotten off the drawin board? By the time you bros out there read this, "Mask" should still be playin, but who can tell with the movie biz. Anyway, support the flick, let the movie moguls know ya like what they're doin and maybe they'll make more of em, and maybe there'll be less of us gettin run off the road and into the bushes.□

Daytona

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

surgery) and this guy'd made a mistake—all over my body.

Needless to say, I'll take care of that no good motherfucker Beemer myself and he ain't gonna like it.

So that's my impression of the '85 Rat's Hole Show. I saw most of it through swollen eyes. They told me there were approximately 125,000 people come to see the bikes, only about 20 saw the shit kicked outta me.

They named some winners, but I forget who, though I remember there were 12 categories, like Best Paint, Best Engine, Best Frame and so on. But it don't really matter, the competin's the thing, not the winnin.

I was the big loser as I limped into the ocean, feelin half-dead and let the salt water, like a thousand red-hot needles, sink into me.

By the way, this was the 13th Rat's Hole Show.

NEVER ON SUNDAY

Sunday was notable for three things: the 8th Annual parade through the streets of Daytona out to the Speedway; the 44th Running of the Daytona 200; and the departure of our burned out staff, the ones that were left, anyway. Not a fuckin one of them was able to ride in the parade, so we can't tell ya about that. All we know is that next year, we're gonna be on a 747 headed for Miami. As we fly over Daytona, we'll look down fondly on it from 30,000 feet. It's gotta be a lot less wearing.■

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Daytona

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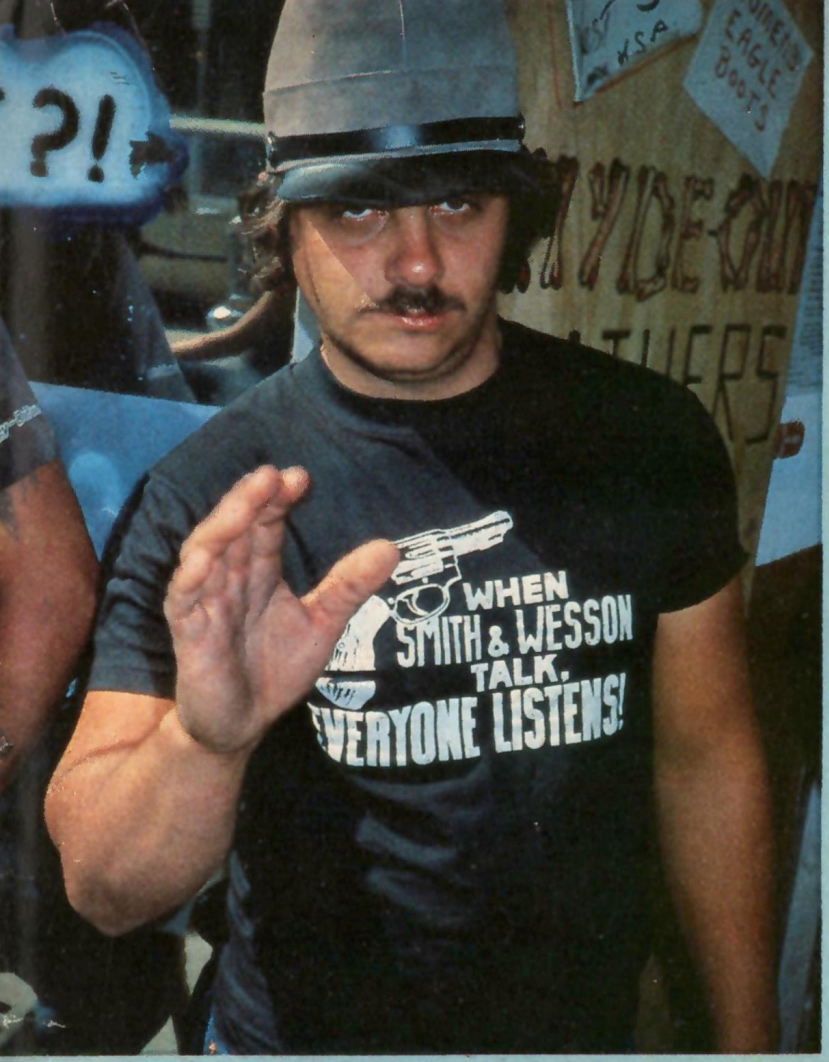
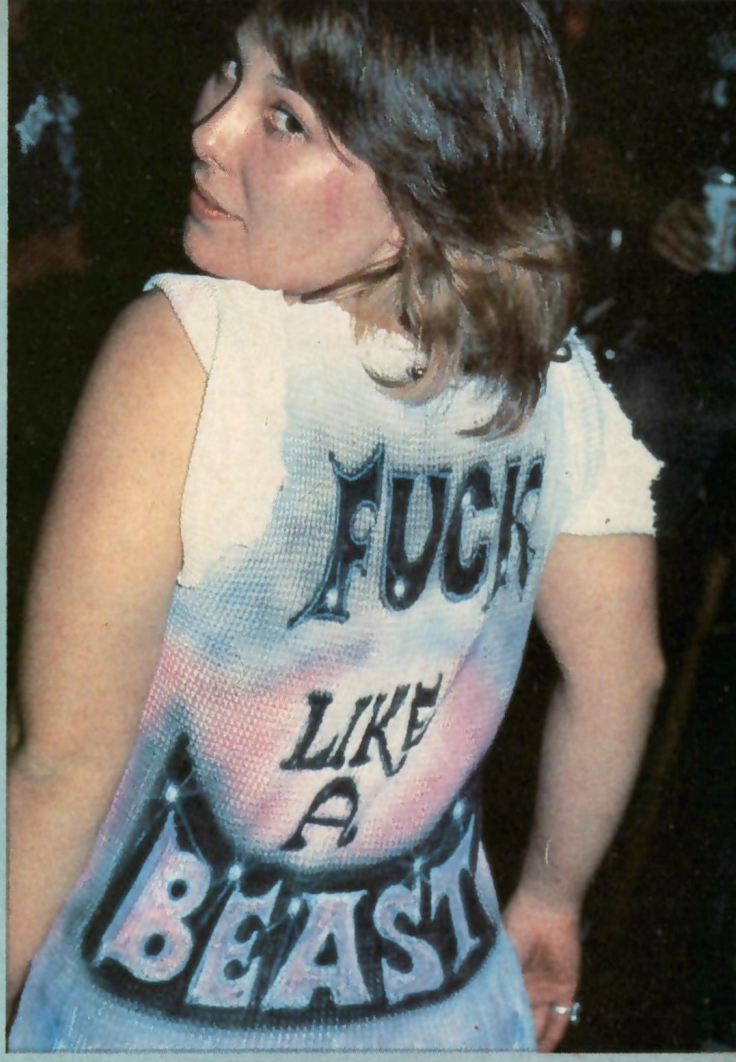
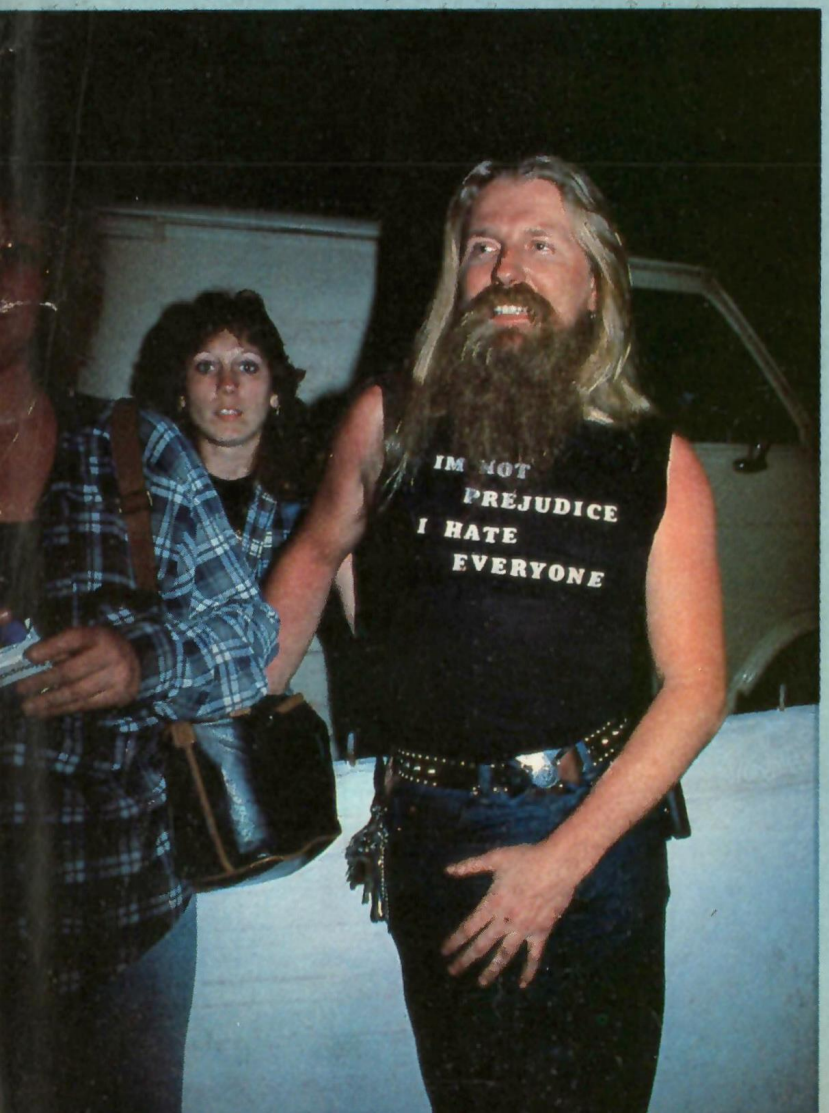
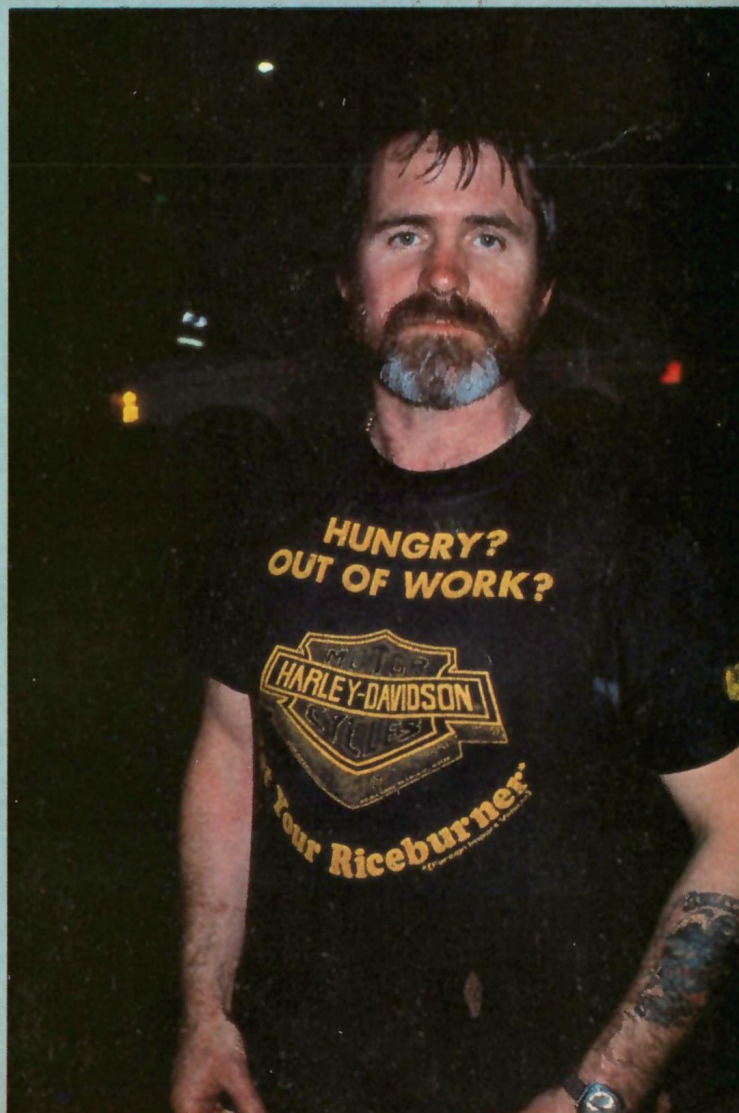
Photos By WW
Photos by Picture Pat Randle


?!
WHEN
SMITH & WESSON
TALK,
EVERYONE LISTENS!


FUCK
LIKE
A
BEAST

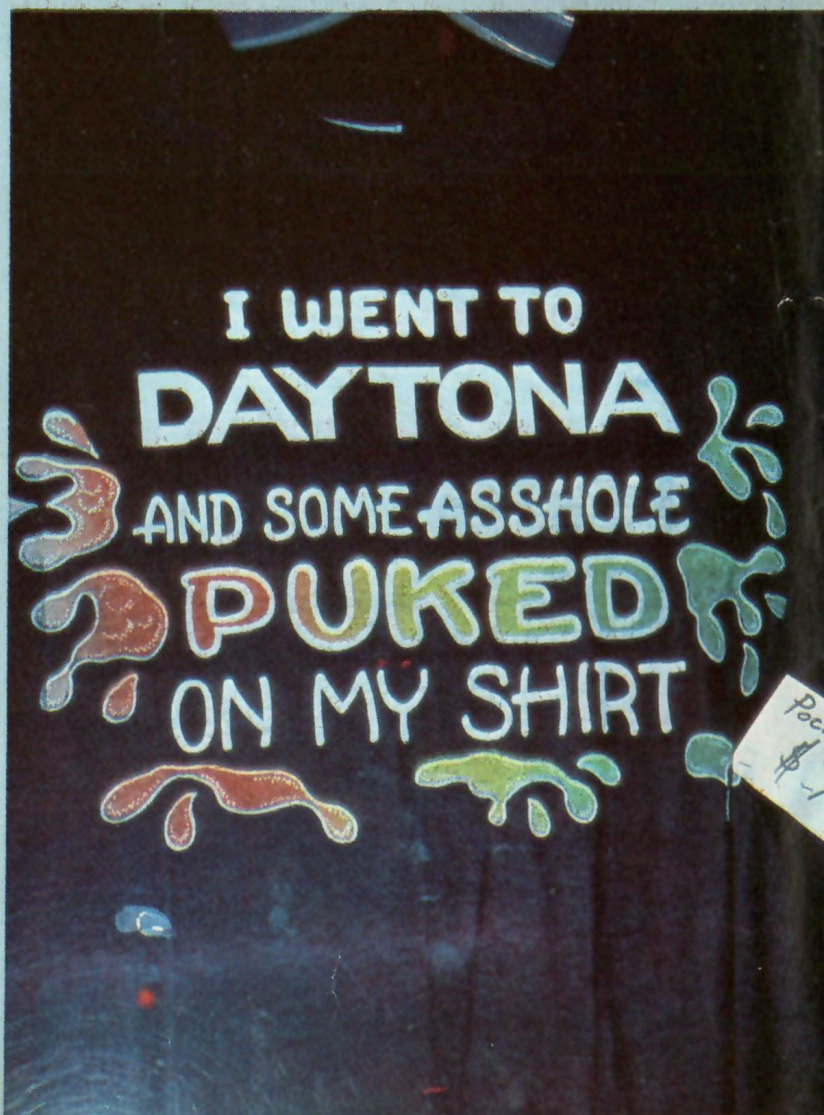

IM NOT
PREJUDICE
I HATE
EVERYONE

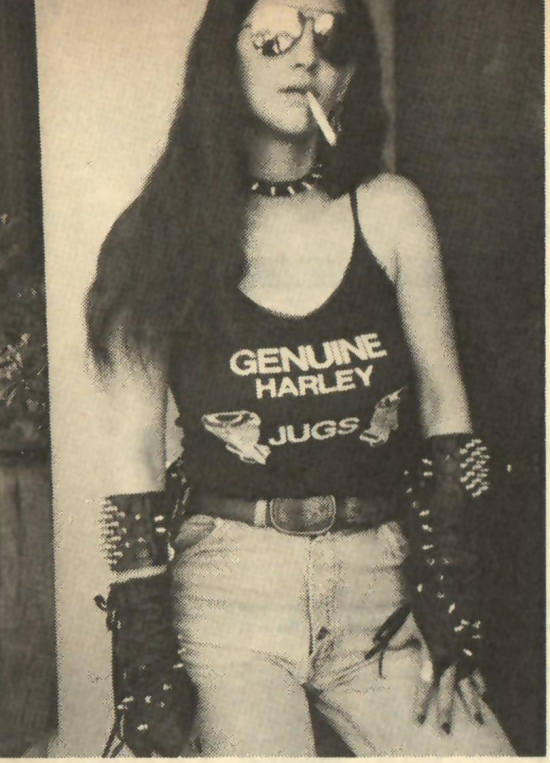

HUNGRY?
OUT OF WORK?
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Your Riceburner

HONDA

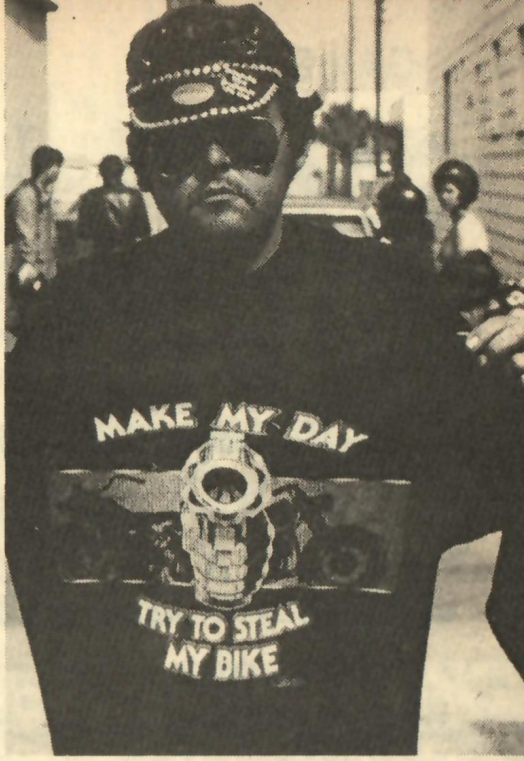
HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

USE
100% NRA
PUSH
FUCK THE WHALES
SAVE THE BALES

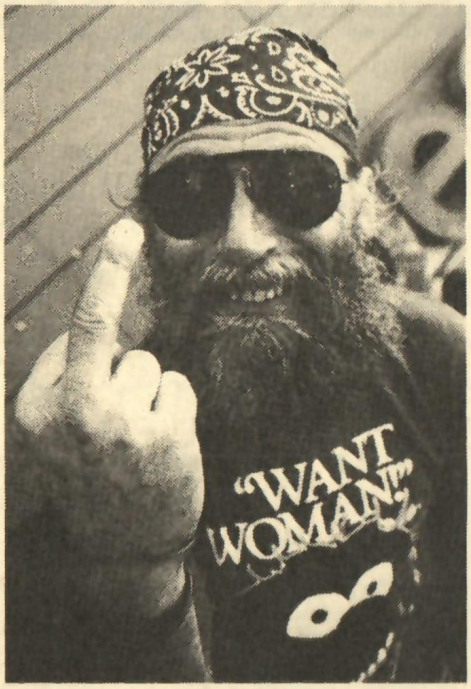

I WENT TO
DAYTONA
AND SOME ASSHOLE
PUKED
ON MY SHIRT


GENUINE
HARLEY
JUGS

I
LOVE
MOTOR
CYCLES
Daytona
BIKE
WEEK
'85

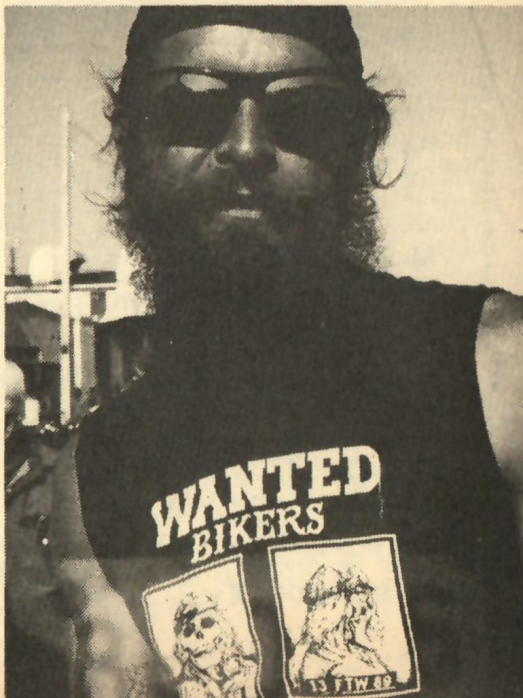

MAKE MY DAY
TRY TO STEAL
MY BIKE

NO BUTT
NO PUTT


"WANT
WOMAN"

THE
ORIGINATORS
OF GUN

HAVE YOU
HUGGED
YOUR HARLEY
RIDER TODAY?


WANTED
BIKERS

—GAME #5—

1985 HARLEY GIVE-AWAY CONTEST

Fix this scoot and win yer own STATE-OF-THE-ART LOW-GLIDE E-2

As ya kin plainly see on the opposite page, ol Fubar can't motivate his brannew putt to put out.

Give the dude a hand, willya bro?

Mr. Fucked-Up-Beyond-All-Recognition is one of those wimps who likes ta pose on his iron 'n give the slits a thrill—but when it comes ta fixin his machine, he lets the shop up the block do all the dirty work.

Not like our IRON HORSE readers. Our tramps look good in the saddle and split the lanes with skill—but they also know how to break down a bike to its bones and piece it all back together again...

Which is why none of ya is gonna have much trouble with **the GREAT** HARLEY GIVE-AWAY CONTEST. In the picture on the opposite page, legendary scooter artist David Snow has left out the one part that will make Fubar's scoot start breakin the breeze...

What is it? Just write yer answer in the coupon below and you'll take the first step towards winnin a bran-fuckin-new H-D of yer very own!

Here's how the give-away is gonna work: Fer the next five months, artist David Snow is gonna draw a toon of our mascot, Fubar, and his 1985 H-D Low-Glide with its revolutionary evolutionary-2 engine! In each picture, the Snowman will sabotage Foobie's sled by either omitting a piece of equipment or showin a basic boner that will make the machine a no-go. It's up ta you to figger what's wrong with each picture.

If ya send us yer five correct answers by each deadline date, you'll become eligible fer a final drawing. The first name picked out of the IH Memorial Beer Keg will win himself the bike. Twenty-five runners-up will also receive prizes.

HARLEY GIVE-AWAY CONTEST GAME #5

Mail to: Contest
Iron Horse
P.O. Box 2163
New York, NY 10116

Fubar's new Low-Glide won't ride because _____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Deadline fer contest **Game #5: June 30, 1985** Midnight.

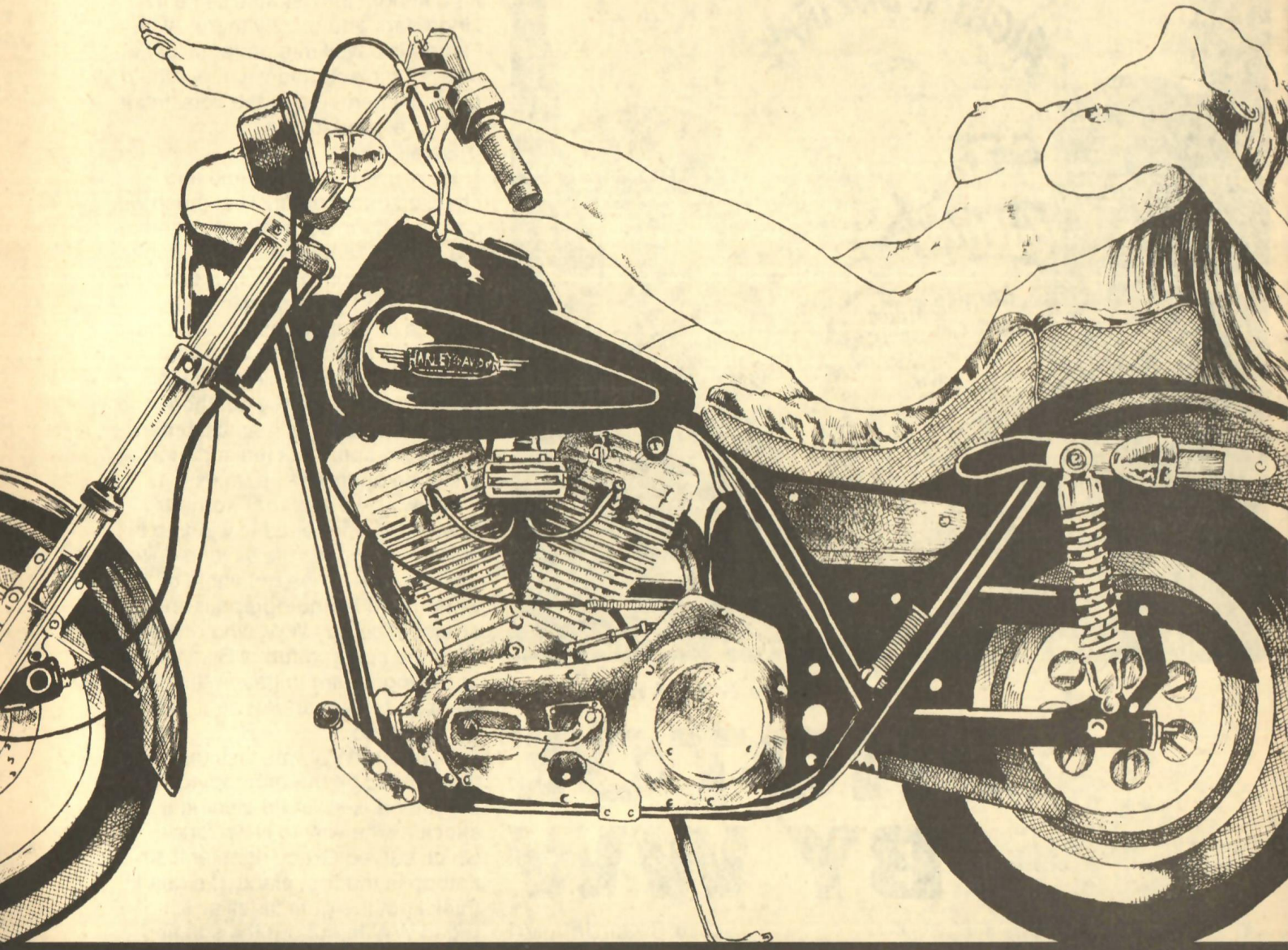
Correct answer to **Game #5 will appear in the August issue.**

No purchase necessary. Handwritten or photostatic copies of entry coupon will be accepted. Copies of pictures of Fubar's scoot available for inspection at Iron Horse offices, 300 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y., Monday to Friday, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., or by mail by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, New York 10036. Decision as to correctness of all answers shall be made by prominent New York attorney, Michael L. Levine, Esq. Mr. Levine's decision shall be final. No employee of Iron Horse, J.Q. Adams Productions, Inc., Dell Distributing Co. or any related company is eligible. All entries must be postmarked by midnight of the deadline date to be accepted. Void where prohibited by law.

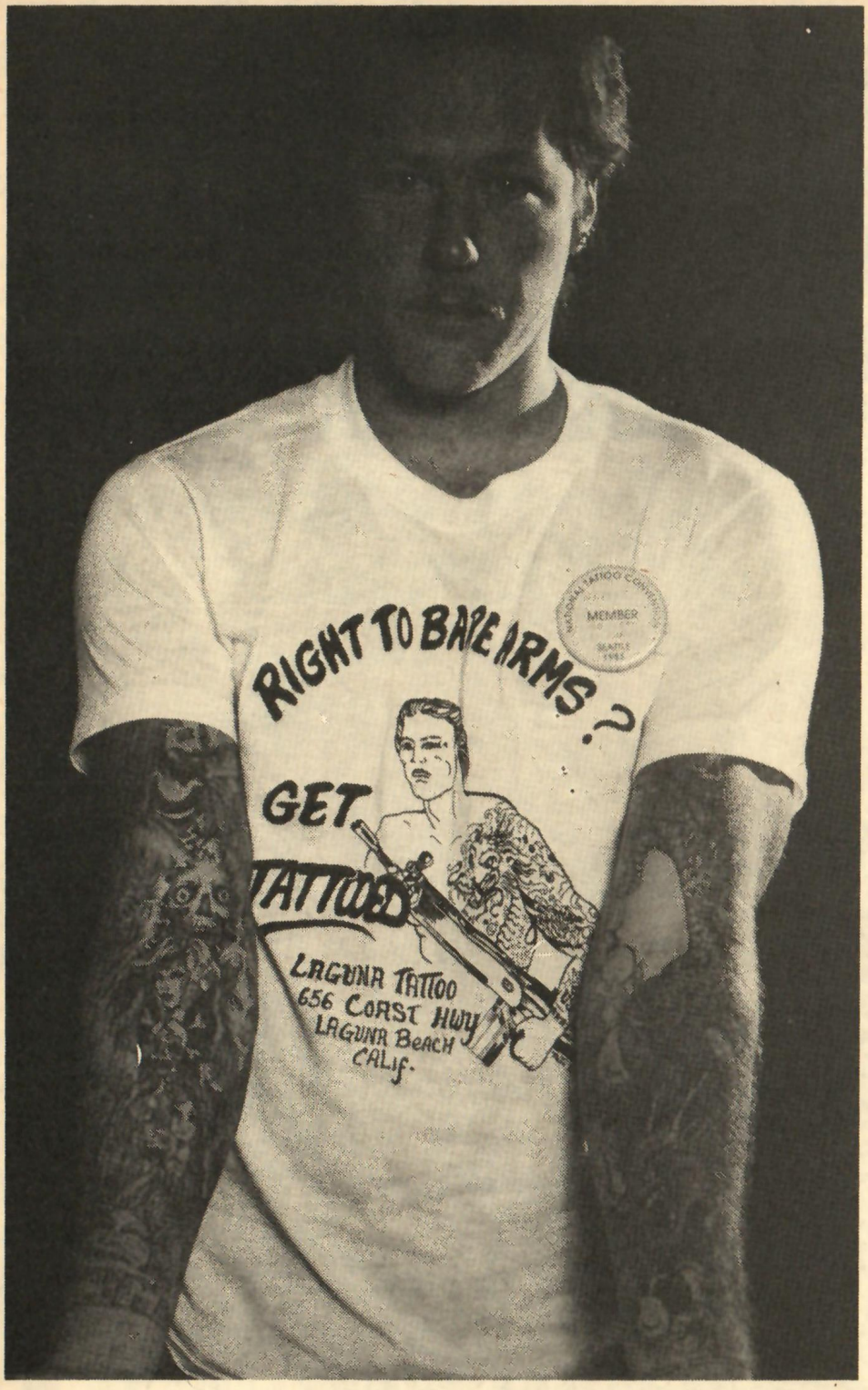
Answer to last month's game: No clutch cable.

YO' BRO! TEST YER HARLEY SMARTS..

& WIN AN '85 V² LOW GLIDE FXRS



GAME #5



Show & Tell In Seattle

PHOTOS BY WW

Story By Littlejawn

While most of the staff was in Daytona fuckin up their assignments, Fatbob, who is totally out of control, was in Seattle, Washington to cover a convention organized by the National Tattoo Association.

What a disaster.

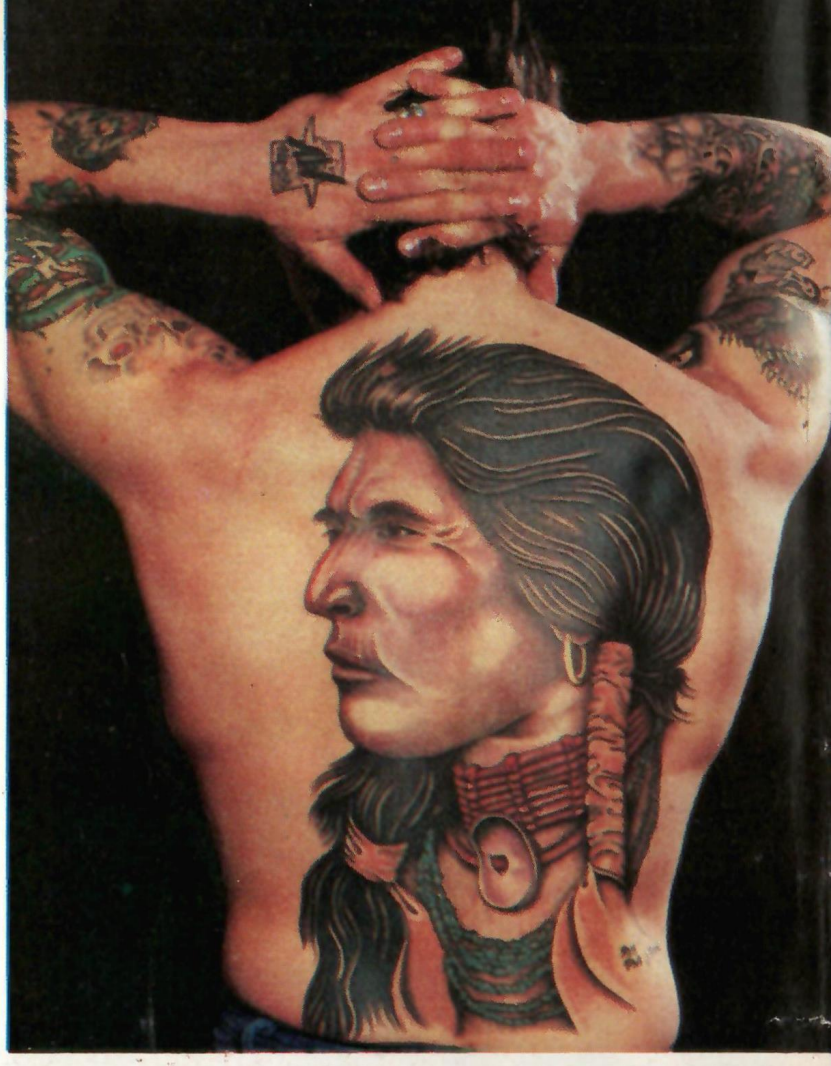
The whole point of the exercise was to keep that juice-guzzlin, doobie-draggin, strange-talkin, claim-jumpin womanizer as far away from Daytona as possible, just in case I want to go there next year. Fatbob was banned from the state of Florida in '78 and that's one judicial decree we can get behind. He spoils the scenery. But we figgered he'd fit right into Seattle since it's kinda dark and drizzly there. Also, Fatbob is a walkin picture gallery of skin art himself and we hoped he'd get real interested in the convention and do a good job.

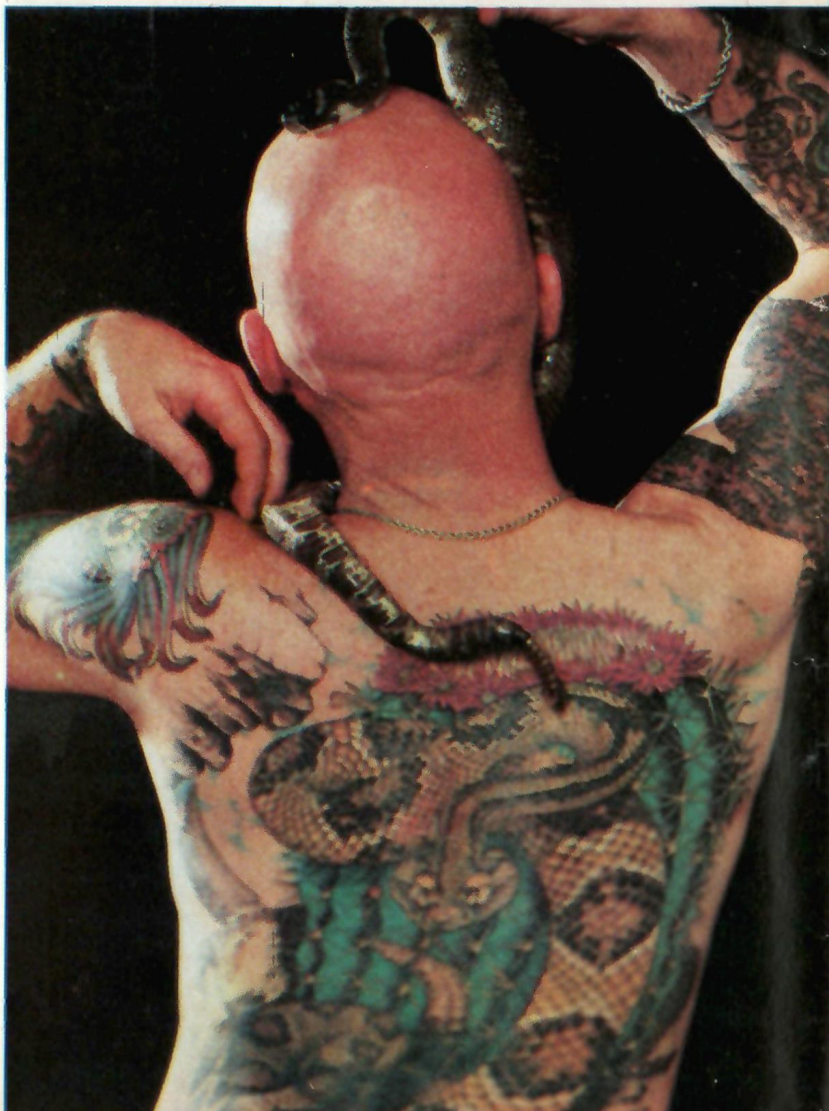
Sure.

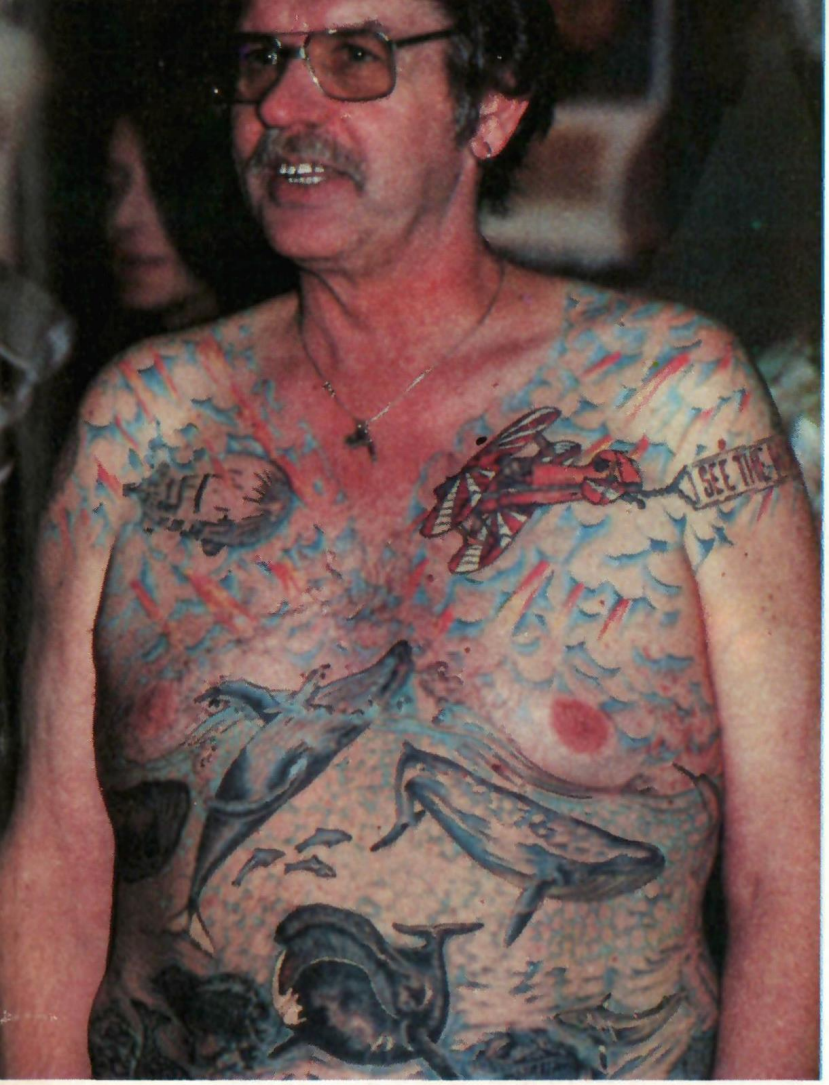
He arrived there on time and checked into a hotel. That much we can vouch for, because he called the "office" and told Spacy Gracy he was in Room 1506. Fair enough, but he didn't tell her *which* hotel and the lil' crankgobbler didn't have the brains to ask him. We spent hours tryin to track him down, but he owes some money out there and must have been usin an assumed name. And after his latest performance, he oughta keep on usin it.

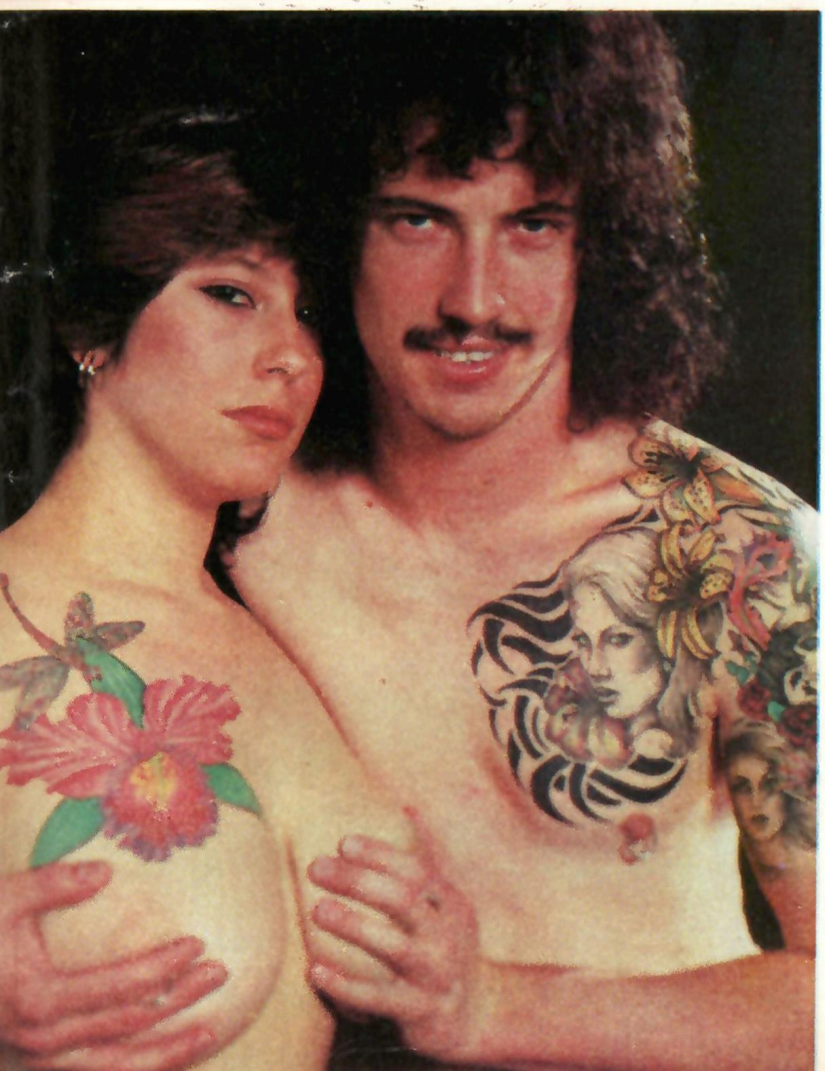
Anyway, we was real worried about him—he tends to wind up in gutters pourin his life's blood down the sewers—so we got ahold of world-famous photographer and all around nice guy WW, who was enjoyin the sun and fun of Bike Week, and begged him to get on the next plane to rescue and/or beat the shit outta Fatbob.

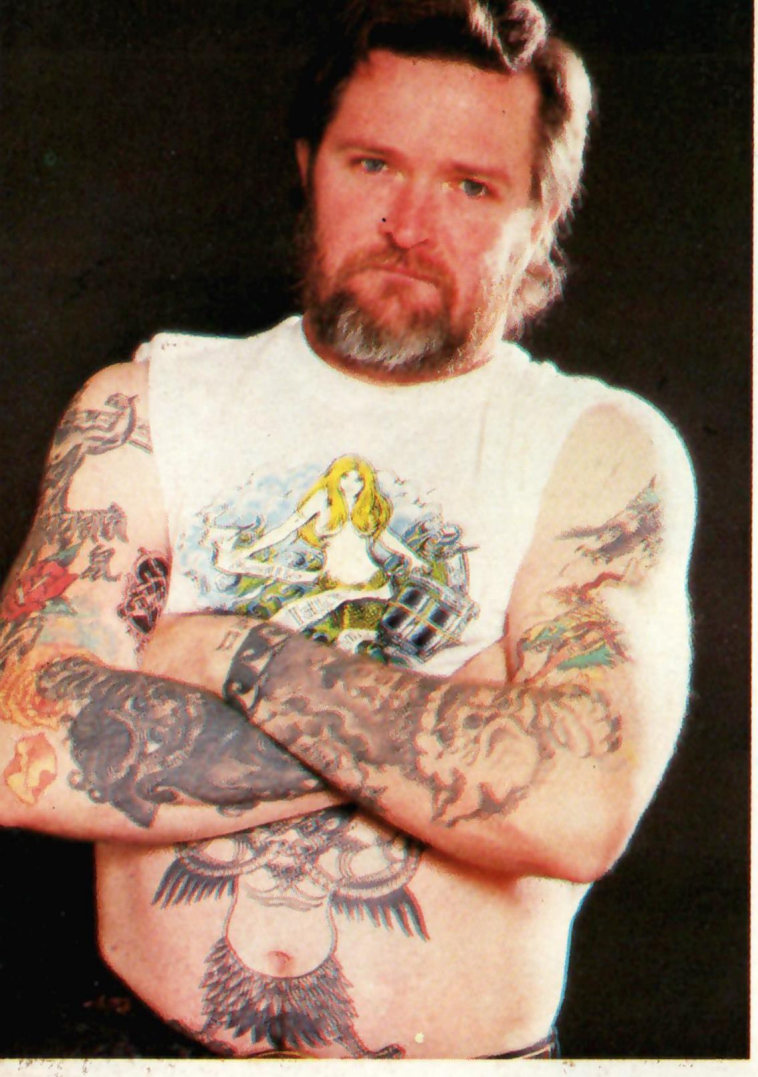
Naturally, WW was less that thrilled and bit the mouthpiece off the phone, sendin an electrical shock all the way to New York, which served Gracy right fer losin Fatbob in the first place. (Ya don't think I got the guts ta tell an enraged WW ta cut out the sun and beach bitches for scenic delights of Seattle, do ya? I made Gracy do that, cuz WW has never *killed* a woman. They all lived. But I had to

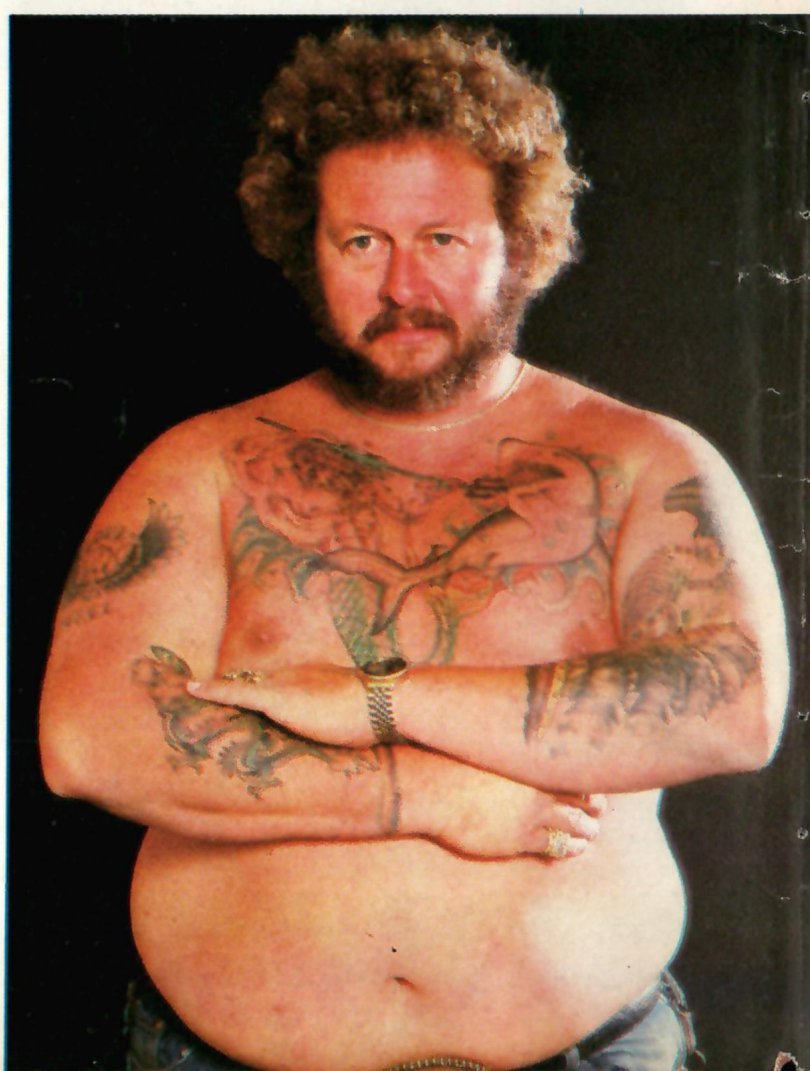












promise him money, illegal stuff, cameras, women and the big byline ya see at the start of this story.)

Accordin to WW, the convention featured a contest, incorporatin lots of different categories for the best tattoos and tattoo artists. Each of the registered guests was given a ballot so they could mark off their favorites. There were parties, food, booze and lots of impromptu "show and tell." You know, "My ass tattoo is better'n yourn." "Shit, no." "Well, let's see it." Ya could hardly move around the place without seein some kinda body part bein exposed at ya.

WW noted that they had booths for tattooing and tattoo artists selling designs and flash, as well as T-shirts up the kazoo. There was even a wedding performed on stage, featurin a bride who had a tattoo of the groom on her back. Hate to think about divorce....

WWwas also interested in some guy who had a managerie of oddball animals—a bobcat, python, rattlesnake and six-foot-long lizard—that ya could pose with fer a price. Unfortunately, all the animals were scared of WW.

All this time WW was snappin away, he didn't see hide nor hair of Fatbob—until he wandered into the hotel's exercise room, not normally a place where you'd expect to find our wreck of a staff photographer. A bar, a whorehouse, a hospital, yes; and exercise room, no.

But there he was, stripped to the waist, piling on weights from some big, ugly motherfucker, who was bench-pressin the shit outta what looked like a million pounds. After ten reps of some humongous weight, the big load got up from the bench, threw a meaty arm around Fatbob and gave him a wet kiss!

WW bout shit. He knew Fatbob would fuck a shrub if he thought there was a snake in it, but a guy? A big, ugly guy?

"You stupid cocksucker!" WW roars "I'd break yer ass, but it looks like somebody already did!"

WW drops his gear and is about to lay some serious hurt on the two of em, when Fatbob, almost paralyzed with drink and smoke, starts blubberin out some kinda excuse. Actually, it wasn't so bad an excuse.

It seems that Fatbob had been adopted by a gang of diesel dykes and the guy he was kissing turned out to be named Violet. That calmed down WW somewhat, but not that much.

After he's introduced WW to the dyke motorcycle gang, Fatbob said, truthfully, "I never met a dyke I didn't like," gettin a bunch of deep, gruff giggles from the "girls" and a high-pitched scream from WW, who left the area as soon as possible.

WW didn't run into Fatbob until the next day, for which he says he is eternally grateful. There was some kinda commotion goin on in the lobby. The first thing he saw was a girl from Canada who had a giant, two-foot dick tattooed on her bare back—her ass cheeks were the balls—and wrapped around tatcrank was an Oriental chick lookin hungrily at it. That kinda set him back a bit, but what was more interestin was Fatbob, weaving around the lobby talkin to some local TV reporter. When the lights are on him, Fatbob lights up too, and fer some reason, they wanted to get a few shots of Fatbob's tats and interview him. Seemed like poor taste to WW, but what the hell.

So ol Fatbob rolls up his shirt and starts making the figure on his stomach gyrate around fer the cameras. That lasted fer about 30 seconds then he had to stop or start throwin up, so they turned off the lights. Thinkin the interview was over Fatbob begins to give em a load of shit, not realizing that the reporter still had her recorder on. She asked him why he got his first tat and Fatbob says, "I wuz drunk," and even when he found out that he had been taped, he said he didn't care as long as his mother didn't find out. "I never regret anything when I'm drunk" Fatbob said. "It shows my true self."

Sure enough, but WW has an endin to this story. About a week later he was in Dallas and he turns on the news and what does he see? Fatbob's stomach and all kinds of shit commin out of his mouth. The program was so bizarre, it went national! Fatbob's mother was sure to find out, which will break both their hearts.

By the way, Fatbob was last seen headin south with the gang of dykes, swearin to WW he wouldn't be back until he "licked everyone of em." □

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

a '28 Triumph, and a rare Brough Superior. Joe got the Sunbeam in a flat trade for a '76 Gold Wing, which was a bargain fer both parties dependin on how ya look at it. The Sunbeam bought fer fifty bucks is easily worth $2500 as an antique these days. so on of them got a

The little Sunbeam came to Joe in such pure-D mint condition that it coulda just rolled outta Sunbeamland, into a time warp, and into his hands, an ocean away. It has only 9400 miles on the clock and is original stock right down to the paint job. It came with the original registration book (one previous owner), original owner's manual, and the original registration tags on the front and rear fenders. It even came with the original Lucas "T" battery which, of course was long since dead, and has since been replaced with a Jap 6 volt, the only un-original piece on the bike. When ya say little in referin to the 250 Sunbeam, that's just talkin displacement figures , cause this machine was a hefty mutha fer a "lightweight" class bike. Fer a small engine, the 'Beam had a massive appearance and weighed 450 lbs. with its full fenders and heavy girder forks. The engine was of the high camshaft type, with the cylinder sunk deep into the large crankcase, and short pushrods running up from the camshaft (which was situated higher in the engine than on previous 'Beams) inside a single tube to the rocker box. The huge timing cover pissed off the traditionalists of the time, with its Sunbeam logo in script instead of the black and brass medallion that had been used since 1913. The Burman BAP gearbox handicapped the bike in competition, but even stripped down versions of the B 23 did well in Trials. Unfortunately the competent little bike was only produced for a coupla years before the Second World War forced the factory to the production of radiators, oil coolers, and cockpit frames for the RAF. During the war BSA bought the Sunbeam name and tools from its parent company, AMC (Associated Motorcycles). But in this corner of the Sunshine State the Sunbeam lives on. □

JOIN THE IRON HORSE

Become a charter member of this unique Biker Tradin Post and watch yer scooter contacts grow like syphsores on an old whore...

Dear IRON HORSE Reader,

Welcome to the Charter Edition of the IRON HORSE SWAP SHOP CLUB. Fer just 5 smackers, American, you can become a part of the first national Swap Club made just fer bikers.

Dues fer the Club are $20 a year, but because this ad is kindava trial balloon, so ta speak, we're pitchin a half-year membership fer just 5.00.

This fiver entitles ya to:

1. Six issues of the Club's sensational newsletter, devoted exclusively to yer ads.
2. Two FREE ads of up to 50 words in the newsletter.
3. An exclusive 10% discount fer a year's subscription to IRON HORSE.
4. A 33% discount on the incredible new "IRON HORSE WANTS YOU" T-shirt.
5. The opportunity to continually renew yer membership at the discount rate of $10.00 annually.

Charter Memberships must be in our grubby paws by **June 30,** 1985! After that, the deal gets less good and ya won't get our subs and shirt fer a cheap price.

So put yer coupon in the mail today! Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime Charter Membership! JOIN THE IRON HORSE SWAP SHOP CLUB.

The regular price of paid ads is 15¢ per word fer individuals, 30¢ a word fer businesses, with a $3.00 minimum. Display ads are $5.00 an inch and we'll print yer business or callin card fer ony $3.00.

To: IRON HORSE SWAP SHOP
P.O. Box 2163
New York, N.Y. 10116

1. Enclosed $5.00. Enroll me as a charter member of the IRON HORSE Swap Club.

2. Enclosed $____ for (check one or more):
Additional ads____ (first one free). Amount $_____
Additional words____ (first 40 free) Amount $_____
Additional insertions____ (first two free) Amount $_____

3. I have enclosed check (____) or money order (____) [Check one]

4. Also enclosed $27.00, Please enter my subscription to IRON HORSE at the special Swap Club rate.

5. Also enclosed $8.00. Please send me an Iron Horse Wants You T-shirt (S__/M__/L__XL__) at the special Swap Club rate.

6. Here is my ad for the Swap Club newsletter. Please place it in section ____ (see accompanying list for categories):

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State_____ Zip ___
Age: _____ (Must be 18 or over to join)
Signature: _____

SWAP SHOP CLUB

1.a LIKE NEW Scoots fer Sale
1.b LIKE NEW Scoots Wanted
1.c LIKE NEW Scoots—fer Trade
1.d LIKE NEW Scoots—fer Lease
2.a USED Scoots—fer Sale
2.b USED Scoots Wanted
2.c USED Scoots—fer Trade
2.d DAMAGED Scoots—fer Sale
2.e DAMAGED Scoots Wanted
2.f DAMAGED Scoots—fer Trade
3.a BASKET CASES—fer Sale
3.b BASKET CASES Wanted
3.c BASKET CASES—fer Trade
4.a ANTIQUE SCOOTS—fer Sale
4.b ANTIQUE SCOOTS Wanted
4.c ANTIQUE SCOOTS—fer Trade
5.a SCOOTER PARTS—fer Sale
5.b SCOOTER PARTS Wanted
5.c SCOOTER PARTS—fer Trade
5.d OBSOLETE PARTS—fer Sale or Trade
5.e OBSOLETE PARTS—Wanted

CHARTER MEMBER'S DISCOUNT

Good fer 10% off the regular $30.00 subscription rate fer IRON HORSE magazine when presented by **June 30,** 1985 by a member of the IRON HORSE Swap Club.

6.a HARLEY MECHANICS (Will Travel)—Listing
6.b HARLEY MECHANICS (Local only)—Listing
6.c HARLEY MECHANICS Wanted—By Businesses
6.d HARLEY MECHANICS Wanted—Private Parties
6.e HARLEY MECHANICS Willing to Trade time fer Hardware
6.f AMERICAN-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS WANTED—By Private Parties
6.g ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS WANTED—By Private Parties
6.h AMERICAN-MAKE/ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS Willing to Trade Time for Hardware
6.i AMERICAN-MAKE/ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS (Will Travel)—Listing
6.j AMERICAN-MAKE/ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS (Local only)—Listing
7.a ACCESSORIES DEALERS—Listing
7.b ACCESSORIES Wanted
7.c SCOOTER WEARABLES DEALERS Wanted
7.d SCOOTER WEARABLES—Wanted
7.e BIKER T-SHIRTS—fer Sale
7.f SCOOTER PARAPHERNALIA—Listing
7.g SCOOTER PARAPHERNALIA Wanted
8.a HARLEY MEMORABILIA—Fer Sale
8.b HARLEY MEMORABILIA Wanted
8.c HARLEY MEMORABILIA—Fer Trade
8.d ALL OTHER MAKES MEMORABILIA—Fer Sale
8.e ALL OTHER MAKES MEMORABILIA Wanted
8.f ALL OTHER MAKES MEMORABILIA—Fer Trade
9.a PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, MURALISTS—Listing
9.b PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, MURALISTS—Wanted
9.c PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, MURALISTS—Trade time fer hardware
9.d SCOOTER ART, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE—fer Sale
9.e SCOOTER ART, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE Wanted
9.f SCOOTER ART, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE—fer Trade
9.g SCOOTER POETRY—fer Sale
9.h SCOOTER POETRY Wanted
9.i SCOOTER POETRY—fer Trade
10.a RACE RIDERS—Listing
10.b RACE RIDERS Wanted
10.c RACE RIDERS—Swap time for hardware
11.a TATTOOISTS—Listing
11.b TATTOOISTS Wanted
11.c TATTOOISTS—Swap time for hardware
11.d TATTOO FLASH—fer Sale
11.e TATTOO FLASH Wanted
11.f TATTOO FLASH—fer Trade
11.g TATTOO MEMORABILIA—fer Sale or Trade
11.h TATTOO MEMORABILIA Wanted
11.i PIERCING—Listings
11.j PIERCING—Wanted
12.a LEATHERWORK—fer Sale or Trade
12.b LEATHERWORK Wanted
13.a BOUNCERS, BODYGUARDS, COLLECTION AGENTS—for Hire
13.b BOUNCERS, BODYGUARDS, COLLECTION AGENTS Wanted
14.a MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Anywhere)—for Hire
14.b MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Local)—for Hire
14.c MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Anywhere) Wanted
14.d MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Local) Wanted
15.a SIDECAR & SIDECAR ACCESSORIES—fer Sale or Trade
15.b SIDECAR & SIDECAR ACCESSORIES Wanted
16.a SCOOTER LITERATURE (Books & Mags)—fer Sale or Trade
16.b SCOOTER LITERATURE (Books & Mags) Wanted
16.c STATIONERY, GREETIN' & CALLIN' CARDS, ETC.—fer Sale or Trade
16.d STATIONERY, GREETIN' & CALLIN' CARDS, ETC.—Wanted
17.a SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHERS— fer Hire
17.b SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHERS Wanted
17.c SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHERS—Trade time fer hardware
17.d SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHS—fer Sale or Trade
17.e SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHS Wanted
18.a SCOOTER GALS—fer Sale or Trade (Head 'n hump only)
18.b SCOOTER GALS—fer Sale or Trade (Head, hump 'n Housework)
18.c SCOOTER GALS—Available fer Modeling
18.d SCOOTER GALS—Available fer Titty Dancin'
18.e SCOOTER GALS—Lookin' fer love

CHARTER MEMBER'S DISCOUNT

Good fer 33% off fer one IRON HORSE WANTS YOU T-Shirt when presented by **June 30,** 1985 by a member of the IRON HORSE Swap Club.

18.f SCOOTER GALS—Lookin' fer a train
18.g SCOOTER GALS—Lookin' fer a trainin'
18.h SWINGIN SCOOTER COUPLES Wanted fer partyin
18.i SWINGIN SCOOTER COUPLES Wanted fer photography
18.j SWINGIN SCOOTER COUPLES Wanted fer photo swapping
19.a OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Permanent
19.b OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Transient
19.c OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Penpals (Outside)
19.d OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Penpals (Down)
19.e OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Permanent
19.f OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Transient
19.g OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Penpals (Outside)
19.h OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Penpals (Down)
20.a RALLYES,MEETS, PROTESTS, PARTIES, SHOWS—Listing
20.b CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS Forming
20.c CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS Seeking Members
21.a BIKER BARS—Listing
22.a BIKER BUSINESS—Fer Sale or Trade
22.b BIKER BUSINESS Wanted
23.a STORAGE SPACE—Fer Rent, Sale or Trade
23.b STORAGE SPACE Wanted
23.c MACHINE SHOP SPACE 'N TIME—Fer Sale or Trade
23.d MACHINE SHOP SPACE 'N TIME Wanted
24.a BIKERS' LEGAL SERVICES— fer Hire
24.b BIKERS' LEGAL SERVICES— fer Free
24.c BIKERS' LEGAL SERVICES Wanted
25.a BIKERS' MEDICAL SERVICES—fer Hire
25.b BIKERS' MEDICAL SERVICES—fer Free
25.c BIKERS' MEDICAL SERVICES Wanted
26.a BIKER-MINISTERS—fer Hire
27.a CAMPIN' & TOURIN' GEAR—fer Sale or Trade
27.b CAMPIN' & TOURIN' GEAR Wanted
28.a MISSIN' PERSONS—Information Sought
29.a BEER MEMORABILIA, MUGS, CANS—fer Sale or Trade
29.b BEER MEMORABILIA, MUGS, CANS Wanted
30.a THE QUESTION BOX (We answer yer questions)
30.b THE ANSWER BOX (You answer our questions)

1939 Sunbeam B23 250

The Gentleman's Motorcycle

Story by Snow

Photos By Picture Pat Randle

Now, if you're thinkin that "Sunbeam" sounds like a pretty fruity name for a motorcycle, I ain't gonna give ya any argument, cause it is. "Sunbeam" just doesn't have the same kind of "oomph" that a name like "Thor" or "Triumph", or "Matchless" does. Now those're some motorcycle names to conjure with. But then, what could ya expect from a sled rollin off the assembly line in a factory called Sunbeamland? Originally a bicycle and then an automobile manufacturer, Sunbeam, based in Wolverhampton came out with their first motorcycle in 1912. Headed by John Marston who began the company in 1851, Sunbeam was the last place you'd expect to produce motorcycles since Marston thought of em as bein dangerous and a nuisance. However, since motorcycle sales in Britain were rising rapidly at the time, Marston was able to overcome his prejudice, cause a shilling's still a shilling whether ya get it from sellin a car, a bike, or a sickle. In 1911 he hired John Greenwood, formerly of Rover and JAP (that's J.A. Prestwich, bros) cycles, as the designer, and gave em three goals to shoot for. The bike had to be easy to ride, dignified in appearance, and in that early time of loud exhausts and oil splattered riders, it was to be quiet and unmessy, in short, "a gentleman's motorcycle", kinda like the early Honda ad campaigns. However the marquee soon distiguished itself in several ungentlemanly pursuits: racing and hill climbing in Britain and on the continent, and servin with the British army durin WWI. Publicity shots of "Secret snipers on Silent Sunbeams" were used to sell the bikes. Innovations included enclosed chain drives ("Little Oil Bath Chain Case"), their overhead cam "Crocodile" engines of 1925, and the later OHC twins under BSA in the 40's.

The majority of Sunbeam engines were overhead valve and side valve thumpers that ranged from 250 cc to 600 cc, with a few vertical twins sprinkled in at the beginning and end of the company's life. It's heyday was the decade of the 20's with the Depression greatly reducing it's sales along with the model line. The bike pictured here is a 250 OHV owned by Joe Hostetter of Winter Park, Florida. Joe's fine restorations of a '46 Indian Chief and a '39 Indian Four were featured back in Dec. '84 issue, and this Sunbeam differs from those bikes since it came in the condition that ya now see it, requirin no restoration work at all. In fact, the bike spent the majority of it's life in a museum. Joe acquired it from a friend of a friend who got it in England durin a business trip around the year 1960. It seems that a motor vehicle museum in Hull, England, was dissolvin and was sellin off their exibits in the process. Six other bikes besides the Sunbeam were bought and brought back to the Orlando area, including

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SPEC SHEET

Owner: Joe Hostetter
City: Winterpark, Fla

General
Year and make: 1939 Sunbeam
Model: B 23
Value: $2500.00
Assembly by: Original factory

Engine
Year: 1939
Model: 23
Ignition: Lucas Magneto
Displacement: 250 cc
Lower End: Stock
Balancing: Stock
Pistons: Stock
Cases: Stock
Heads: Stock
Carb(s): Amal
Air cleaner: Velocity stack
Pipes: Original
Muffler: Stock

Frame
Year: 1939
Builder: Sunbeam
Type: Rigid
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: None

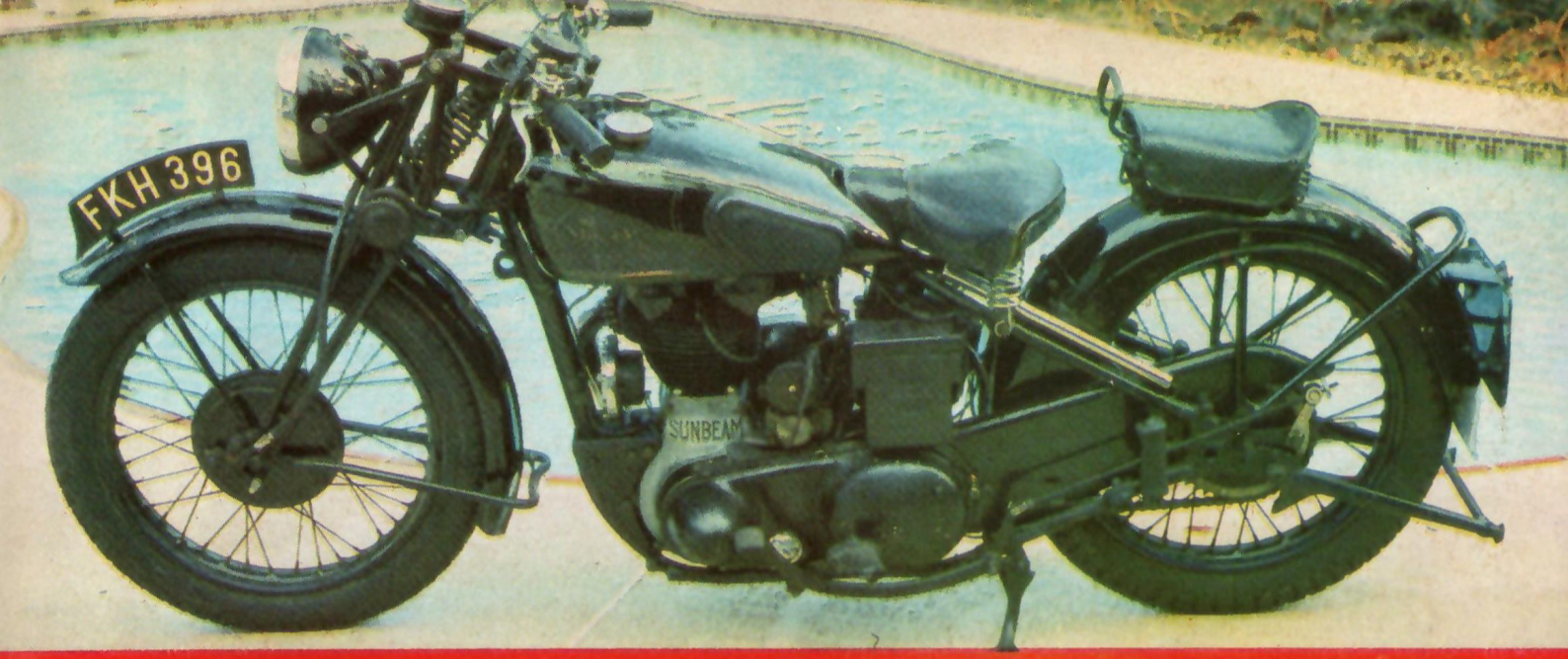
Accessories
Bars: Stock
Risers: None
Fenders: Stock
Headlight(s): Stock
Taillight: Stock
Speedo: Stock
Front pegs: Stock
Rear pegs: Stock
Electrics: Lucas
Gas tank: 3 gal.
Oil tank: 5 pints
Oil system: Stock
Primary cover: Stock
Seat: Solo
Sissybar height: None
Sissybar material: None

Transmission
Modifications: None
Year: 1939
Shifting: Right side foot
Engine sprocket: Stock
Trans sprocket: Stock
Wheel sprocket: Stock

Painting
Molding: None
Painter: Original
Color: Black
Type: Enamel
Special paint: None

Forks
Type: Dampened girder
Extension: Stock
Builder: Sunbeam
Special features: None

Wheels
Front wheel size: 19"
Rear wheel size: 19"
Front hub: Sunbeam
Rear hub: Sunbeam
Front rim width: 3.25
Rear rim width: 3.25
Front brake: Stock drum
Rear brake: Stock drum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SUNBEAM

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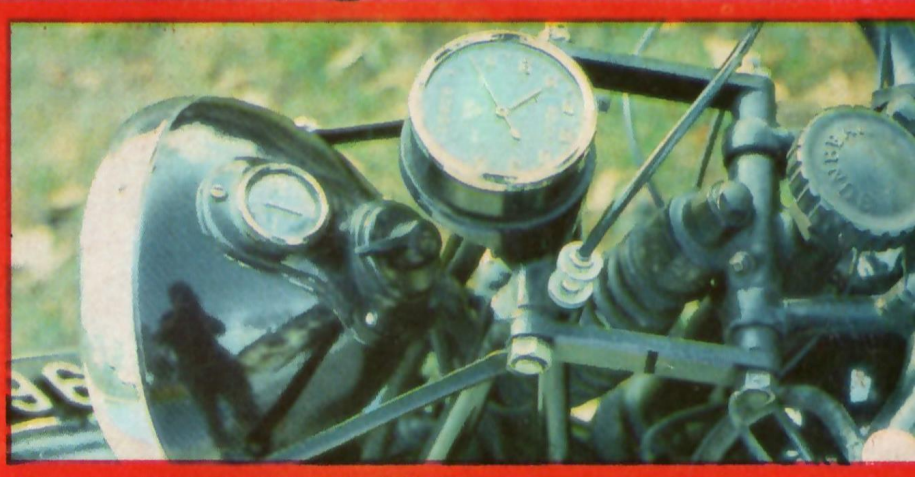
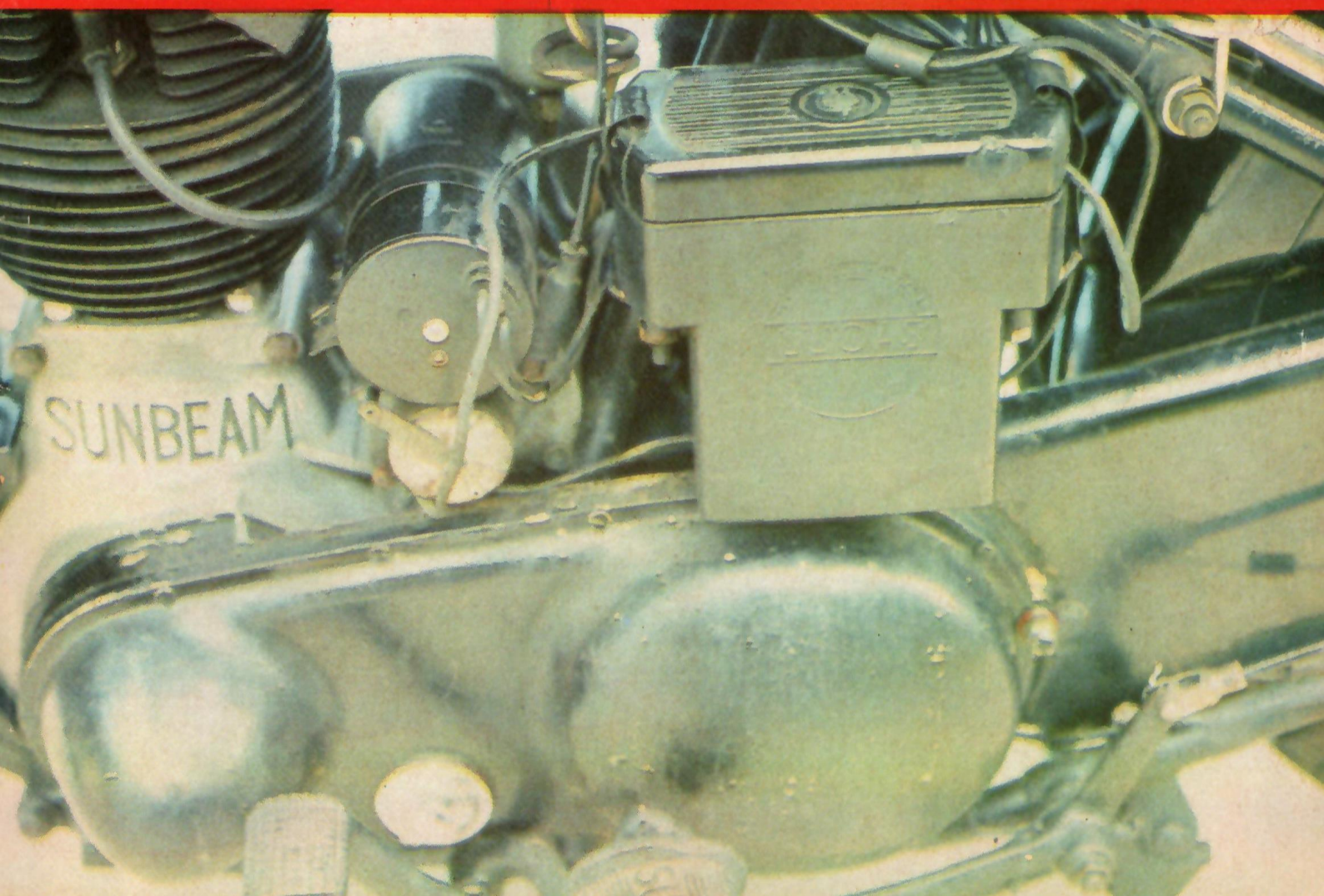
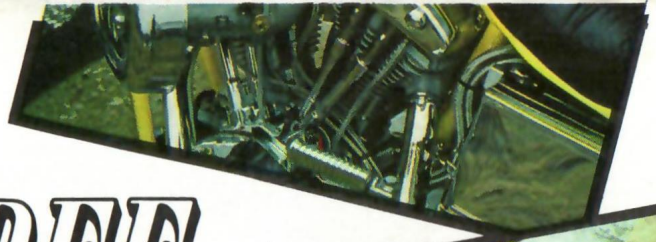



SUNBEAM



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